

• THE INDIANS • ••••• TODAY •••••

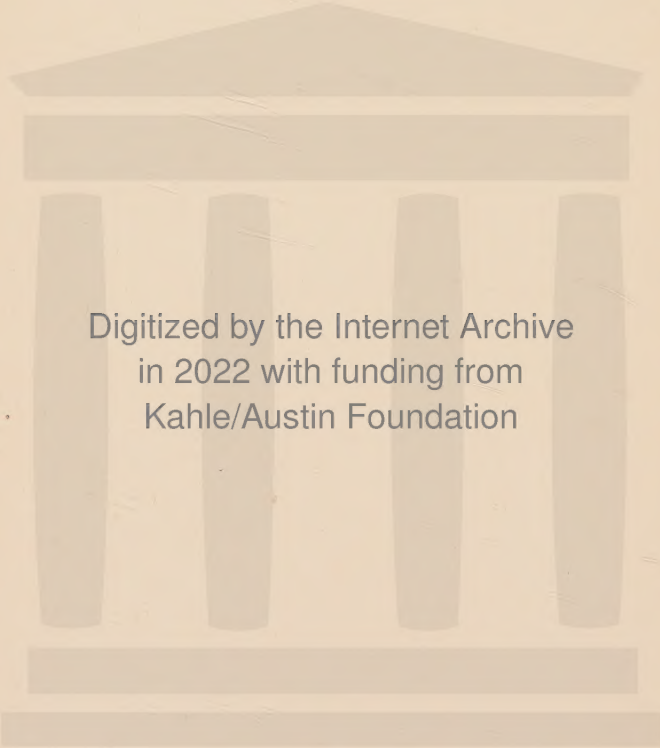


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THE GOVERNOR OF ISLETA PUEBLO

Holding the cane given his people by President Lincoln as a badge of office. With him are his wife and grandchild. New Mexico.

THE INDIANS TODAY

By

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INDIAN COMMISSIONERS



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INTRODUCTION

There have been many books written about the Indians of our country; but very little which makes the reader acquainted with the Indian as he is at the present day. Much of the published material is romantic and poetical, but quite divorced from reality. That which is sincere and factual is usually the work of the archaeologist and ethnologist, and deals with the Indian as he existed at some time prior to the coming of the white man to this continent. Between those who bring back to life for us the Indian of a remote age, and those who offer a brilliant picture of Indians who never did exist, in any age, the Indian who is actually in existence at the present day is in danger of being overlooked entirely.

This book is an effort to awaken the interest of our boys and girls in the Indian of the twentieth century, and to tell in simple form some of the events which have brought a few of the many different tribes to their present location and manner of life. Though there are Indian reservations, smaller or larger, in nearly half of our states, yet our actual acquaintance with those who dwell on them is very slight indeed. Very few people realize how many different tribes there are, how many different tongues, how many varying ways of life, what extremes of contact with white civilization and response to it. If this book will impress a few of these elementary facts upon the minds of its readers, its purpose will be well served. If it shall make one person, here and there, eager to learn more and to become better acquainted with the many aspects of what we call glibly "the Indian problem," I shall be glad indeed.

For the pictures, which I feel will do even more than the text to make the reader acquainted with the modern Indian, I have to thank principally the beauty-loving eye and the

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ready camera of my husband, George Steele Seymour. Others are reprinted through the courtesy of the Smithsonian Institute, Bureau of American Ethnology, to which thanks are due. I wish also to express my appreciation of the kindness of the Honorable Malcolm McDowell, Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners, for his assistance in obtaining views for this volume.

FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR.

March, 1926

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THE INDIANS TODAY

WHERE THE INDIANS LIVE TODAY

People who live on the Atlantic coast think of the Indians as having gone far, far to the west. Many of them would be surprised if they knew how near at home they would find Indian villages. It is true that there are more Indian tribes located west of the Mississippi than east of that stream; but there are Indians in more than half of the states of the Union, sometimes in large numbers, sometimes only in tiny communities.

If we were to start out from New York City on a visit to the Indian tribes of the country, we would not have to go outside of the state to find several of them. Six villages in central New York hold the remnants of the once powerful League of the Iroquois. They are still proud of their descent and their independence, and say they are not part of the United States, but little nations within the borders of our own land. They still rule themselves in their own way, according to their own laws.

And yet, when we visit them, we find they are living in a way not very different from the white people around them. Their faces may be a little darker and their clothes à little gayer in colors. Many of them speak their different Indian languages; but most of them talk English also. You will probably find some Indian baskets in their



Photo by Warren K. Moorehead

A NEW YORK INDIAN HOME
On the Tonawanda Reservation.

homes; and in each village will be a long house of the sort the Iroquois used to build for their council meetings. But you will listen in vain for the sound of the warwhoop, and instead of scalps hanging on the walls you will more probably find diplomas from the schools and universities of the state,

Before we go west in search of Indians, let us travel to the south and find some others that still remain not far from the Atlantic coast. It is nearly a hundred years since the Cherokee Nation, a powerful group related to the Iroquois of the north, agreed to give up their Carolina home and travel westward to take up new lands in the Indian Territory that was then being formed. But many of the Cherokee people did not wish to make the journey, and when the troops came to escort them to the west, they fled into the mountains of North Carolina and could not be found.

For some years they were refugees in the mountains. Finally they came out again and with their share of the money that was paid the tribe under treaties with the United States, land was purchased for them to farm. Several hundred Cherokee families still live in this beautiful mountain country, farming in about the same way as the other inhabitants of the state. They still make baskets and pottery in Indian fashion. In their fairs and farm societies they keep up the names of some of their older native customs, but the forms are much changed.

Farther east in the same state of North Carolina is a group of people who call themselves Croatan

Indians. This is the name of a tribe which was friendly to the unsuccessful colonies which Sir Walter Raleigh tried to establish on the Island of Roanoke. In one of these attempts a group of a hundred people was left on the island by an English ship, and here, before the ship returned to England for supplies, was born Virginia Dare, the first child born of English parents within the borders of the United States. Owing to war in England, the ship did not return until 1591, four years later. They found then that the English people had entirely disappeared. It was believed that the unfriendly Indians had overcome them, and that possibly those who were left had taken refuge with the Croatans and had been adopted into their tribe.

No one can say whether or not it is true that these people have among them descendants of this Lost Colony of Roanoke. Their numbers were increased in early days by runaway slaves and by bands of Portuguese pirates who took refuge among them. They are now a very mixed people, with many ways that are more English than Indian.

Let us go still farther south and search in the Everglades of Florida for some Indians that are said to live in that swampy land. A few of them

have come out from the glades and lakes and are living near Miami, where they sell Indian bead work and basketry to the tourists who flock to that country in the winter. But the real dwelling place of these Seminoles is in the swamps, and to this day



ADOBE HOMES IN THE SOUTHWEST
Pueblo of Isleta, New Mexico. Note the
outdoor bake-oven.

really very few white men have seen them or their homes.

The word "Seminole" means "runaway," and the Indians who bear this name were refugees from the Creek Nation, which had its home in Georgia. In colonial days this peninsula of Florida belonged to Spain, while the country north of it was English.

The Creeks were often at war with the English colonists in these times. Those who took refuge in Spanish territory, down in wild swampy places where they could not easily be pursued, gained the name of Seminole, and gradually came to be considered a separate tribe in themselves. They were always warlike, always very jealous of being approached by the whites. It was only after many desperate battles that the main body of their tribe was removed to the west, where the Creeks and other tribes of the southern Atlantic coast had gone before them. Those who still refused to go took refuge in the depths of the swamp, just as the Cherokees had fled to the hills. Unlike the Cherokees, they have not come out again to settle down as farmers. They have stayed hidden, and are almost unacquainted with the white race. In that warm country they need only the slightest shelter. Their canoes mean more to them than houses. Here and there they farm the less swampy land, but hunting and fishing furnish the greater part of their livelihood.

We have thus found several different types of Indian communities without going at all away from the eastern coast. We have passed by, also, several small groups in New England and Vir-

ginia. The Gulf States would furnish us other little Indian settlements if we could spend the time to visit them. But it is true that the Indians of our eastern seaboard are few in number.

It is when we get up into the northern region of lakes and woods that we begin to find Indians in really considerable numbers. Still east of the Mississippi, in Michigan and Wisconsin, are about seventeen thousand, belonging to more than a half dozen different tribes. In Florida we were in land once belonging to the Spanish. In this section we are with Indians whose first acquaintance with Europeans was with the French. When France lost in the long duel with England to see which should be master of the North American Continent, this country between the Ohio and the Mississippi was called the Indian country. White men were not permitted to live there, except in a few forts which existed to protect their trading operations. At that time the country was quite wild, and its chief usefulness lay in the skins and furs which trappers and hunters could procure.

Soon settlers began to find their way along the watercourses. The forests were hewn down. Fields of wheat sprang up in their places. The white man came to stay. The red man moved on

farther west or south, where wild game was still abundant. Only up in the northern woods, still wild, still filled with game, did the Indians remain. Inter-marriage and long friendship with the French had made many of them more French than Indian. The Chippewas still live in northern Michigan and Wisconsin, several thousands of them. They are children of the woods and the streams. Here they have lived so long as the white man has known their history. The Menominees, too, are here in the land in which they have always lived. Here are, also, the stay-at-home members of the Potawatomi and Winnebago and Ottawa tribes. We shall find others of their people in far lands to the south and the west, as we travel on.

Besides these Indians who have always been at home in the lake region, are others who have come here from the east, Oneida, Stockbridge, and Munsee Indians. The Oneidas are another part of those Iroquois who were once lords of the New York country. It was after the Revolutionary War that they left New York for a more western home. Like their people who remained in the east, they are little different from the white farmers who have settled all about them. It is as we go farther up into the wilds that we find the tepees

and canoes of the Indians who still cling to the old ways of their fathers.

At the headwaters of the Mississippi, in Minnesota, we find still other bands of Chippewas. In this land of timber and lakes the Indians are hunting, fishing, and trapping, still following many of the ancient customs of their ancestors, in the very



A TEPEE OF THE PLAINS

Taken near Flathead Lake, Montana.

country in which those ancestors lived before them. Only the war in which the men used to spend so great a part of their time is forbidden.

If we were to travel south from Minnesota we should find other farm states where a few Indians remain here and there. There are a few Sac and Fox Indians in Iowa; and southwest of them, small groups in Nebraska and Kansas remind us of the

time when the plains were left to the buffalo and the roving tribes. But we shall not stop for these. Instead, we shall keep on westward to the land of the Sioux.

Of the roving Indians of the plains the Sioux were the greatest in numbers and in prowess. Traditions of their tribe tell that they used to live in more settled fashion around the Great Lakes. But the Chippewas, always their enemies, were nearer the French explorers and traders, and were first to obtain guns from the white men. As a result, they were able to conquer the Sioux and drive them farther on across the land. The very name we give them is the name the Chippewas taught the French—"Nadowe-is-iw," meaning "enemies."

On the plains the Sioux were widely roving hunters of the buffalo and fighters to be dreaded. Now their days of war and wandering are over, and they have homes and lands in different parts of North and South Dakota and Montana. There are thirty thousand or more of them. They are the largest tribe of all, except the Navajo in the southwest.

The Sioux were the last of the tribes to leave the warpath and make peace with the white men. When they finally agreed to settle down, they were

promised regular issues of food until they should be able to support themselves on the land which was to be given them. They have had the land now for more than a generation, but a great number of them are still receiving rations from the Government. It has been hard for them to give up the free life of hunters and warriors and learn to sow and reap.

Many other tribes are living in much the same way in the Rocky Mountain States: Crows, Northern Cheyennes, Flatheads, and Blackfeet in Montana; Utes in Colorado and Utah; Shoshonis in Wyoming and Idaho. None of these are very far from the places in which they originally lived before the white man came into the



"OLD TWOBITS"

A Kootenai Indian on the Flathead Reservation, Montana.

land. The real change that has come to them is that a new world has grown up around them and they have had to learn to live in a different way.

As we cross the Rockies and reach the Pacific slope, we find the Indians divided into many very small tribes instead of the larger ones we have seen in the mountain country. These divisions are very real ones, for the little groups speak different languages and have little or no acquaintance with one another. All the way along the Pacific coast down to southern California we find remnants of these tribes. They are only remnants, and in some cases whole tribes that used to be there have vanished entirely. It has been estimated that before gold was discovered in California there were a hundred and fifty thousand Indians living along the western slopes. But the sudden rush of many thousands of prospectors to the goldfields meant death to the natives. They were, in general, peaceful Indians, unlike the wild tribes of the plains across which many of the goldseekers came. The newcomers did not wait to learn the difference, however, but treated all red men alike. If the Indians stood in the way they were destroyed. Today only a few are left.

In California we come again to land that once

belonged to the Spaniard. Here, many years ago, priests from across the ocean gathered the Indians together into large mission settlements and made them work in the fields. Some of the natives took to this kindly. Others resented it, and fought against the new ways. In these days the land was part of Mexico, and Mexico was a province of Spain.

In 1822, little more than a century ago, Mexico rebelled and gained her independence. It was a time of turmoil and many of the mission stations were abandoned. When the war between Mexico and the United States brought this land into our possession, the Indians were scattered, and the mission gardens they had once tilled were lying neglected. These Mission Indians, still called by the name of the long disused centers, live in little bands here and there across the southern part of California. It was of them that Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson told her story of *Ramona*.

In southern Arizona are the Pimas and the Papagos, farmer Indians who have always lived in this semitropical country, where grapefruit, figs, and pomegranates grow. Here one may find irrigation ditches that were in use before the European reached the land. These Indians are busy

and quiet, some living in houses, some in the rough brush shelters which are sufficient protection for them in a land which has summer most of the year, with very little rain, and no snow at all.



A STREET IN ACOMA

These adobe houses are built in tiers and are reached by rude steps or ladders.

To the north of them in Arizona, and eastward in New Mexico, are those Indians who alone of all the tribes in our country built their houses upon the rock. "Pueblo" Indians, the Spaniards called them, because they did not wander about, but lived together in villages or pueblos. Their

houses are built, terrace upon terrace, of stone or of rude bricks made from the adobe mud. A whole village of Indians, hundreds of them, may live in a large rambling structure which looks like an apartment house looming up against the blue sky. As one looks up from the sandy desert to the high mesa or tableland where the Hopi have made their homes, it is hard to tell where the rocky slopes of the hills leave off and the rocky walls of the village begin.

The fields in which the Hopi raise corn and beans and pumpkins are not upon these cliffs, but far below on the sandy plain. Along the slopes of the hills, in small spaces where some dirt may lie in the crevices of the rocks, the women raise their gardens. They sprinkle them with water which they bring in jars swung in blankets across their shoulders. All the water used by them in their high homes must be carried in the same way, up steep rocky trails worn slippery by the constant tread of their moccasins. In the cornfields and peach orchards below you will often find the men at work. The men of the Pueblos, unlike other Indian tribes, do not leave all the labor of the fields to the women. In thrift, too, these Indians, and especially the Hopi, differ from others of their

race. Inside their little rooms you will find stored up corn enough for at least a year's supply. Years of drought and famine, long ago, taught them the necessity of preparing for the future in this way.

In olden times it was the menace of the roving tribes of Indians, as well as fear of crop failure, that made them hoard their corn. For centuries the wilder tribes of Indians roamed through this country, making war against the inhabitants, red or white, and raiding villages and fields whenever the opportunity arose. It was for protection against them that the village Indians built their houses high on the rocks or on tablelands that were difficult of access and easier to defend against siege. Their sites were well-chosen. The Hopi surrendered to the Spaniard once; but when they had rebelled and driven the Spaniards out, they were able to hold themselves free of European rule thereafter.

Now those that remain of the warlike tribes go on the warpath no longer. Many are east and north. The bands of Apaches are settled on reservations in different parts of the states of Arizona and New Mexico. The Navajos, largest of all in numbers, are a shepherd people, roaming about with their flocks over a reservation as large as half

of New England. Their desert country is not suitable for agriculture, and in many places too bare to afford a living for even a few sheep. But it is the land they love, and they would not live elsewhere. They thrive here, growing in numbers very rapidly. No one knows just how many there are of them. Sixty years ago there were fewer than ten thousand, and now the number is estimated at thirty-two thousand. Each family has its sheep, and roams with them in search of grass and water. Their homes are called "hogans," and are circular structures, sometimes of brush and mud, sometimes of logs. For the floor they dig down a step or two below the surface of the earth; for in this dry country there is no danger of water seepage. A little passage-way leads to the door, which always faces east.

The Navajos are so unlike their neighbors of the villages that one never finds two families living close together. In fact, it is difficult to spy out their houses at all, for they hide them away from sight. In a hundred miles, perhaps, one may see only a band of a few sheep and one Navajo girl or woman on horseback herding them. But when at last you find a hogan, you will see also a rude loom, perhaps, and a woman at work making a

rug of bright wool. Our great-grandparents used to make things from the very beginning in this way; but it is seldom done now. An Indian rug or basket is usually the work of a single person in every particular, from the beginning to the end; and this is seldom true of any other useful things that we may buy in America today.

Now we have swung around our country in a rough S or figure 8, in search of Indians; north and south along the Atlantic coast, westward across the northern tier of states, down the Pacific coast, and east again along our southern border. So we have come at last to the state where most Indians live, the country that was set aside for them many years ago as the Indian Territory, and is now called the state of Oklahoma. Here at least a third of all the Indians of the United States are living.

There are more than a hundred thousand Indians in Oklahoma, and they belong to many different tribes. The eastern portion of the state was called the Indian Territory until 1908; and the greater part of this territory was inhabited by the members of the Five Civilized Tribes—Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Seminole. These tribes came originally from the southeastern

part of the United States. We have already found the stay-at-home remnants of the Cherokees in North Carolina, and the refugee Seminoles in Florida. The Creeks once lived in Georgia, and the Choctaw and Chickasaw lands were to the west of them. In the early part of the last century they made their way westward, some willingly and some most unwillingly, to this land beyond the Mississippi. At the time, no one thought the white man would ever care to live so far in the interior of the country. Everyone supposed that the land would always stay wild and full of game for the Indian hunters. But before the century came to an end the last frontier land was gone, and the white men were all around and through the land of the Indian.

These Five Tribes were called civilized because they had taken on the ways of the white man to some extent, while they lived with the southern colonists about them. The Cherokees, in particular, had proved themselves very ready to learn new ways, and had made so many marriages with whites that they were already a mixed race. George Guess, or Sequoyah, of mixed white and Indian blood, was the one who invented characters in which the Cherokee language might be written.

This made possible a written constitution for the tribe, modeled on the Constitution of the United States.

So, when the Five Tribes settled in the Indian Territory, they had a government for each tribe that was partly after their old Indian fashion of tribal life, and partly an adoption of methods of the American Government. As time went on, other tribes came or were sent to this region. In the extreme northeastern portion of the state are the remnants of many smaller tribes that drifted down here from the north and east: Wyandottes, who are the last of the Hurons found outside of Canada; a few Senecas from New York; Weas, Peorias, and others from the old Northwest Territory; Quapaws, whose original home was in Arkansas. While these small groups seem to indicate that the tribes they represent are dying out, it must also be remembered that all of them have left behind them in the countries from which they come other members of the tribe who have mingled with the white population until the fact that they are Indians has been almost if not quite forgotten. This is especially true of those tribes which came under early French influence; all through the Mississippi Valley country are many families whose

early French and Indian ancestry is lost sight of in the fact that they are plain citizens of the United States like the rest of us.

North and west of the Five Tribes were located the Osages, a plains tribe of scalp hunters and buffalo hunters who have become famous as the richest nation in the world, because of the rich oil wells found on the land which was bought for them from the Cherokees. Below them are the Pawnees, whose original home was to the north, in close and deadly contact with their inveterate enemies the Sioux. Through this central Oklahoma country we travel, finding the Poncas, the Otoes, Shawnees, Sac and Fox, Kickapoos, Potawatomis, Iowas, Kiowas, Comanches. Some from the northeast, some from the west, have come at one time or another to settle in this land. Here, too, are a group of Apaches at Fort Sill, known as prisoners of war, though they are the descendants, now, of the Indians who were sent as prisoners when the Apache wars were raging a half century ago.

Still farther west in Oklahoma are the broad lands of the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians, two plains tribes who were long leagued together for warfare against the other tribes and against the white man. In spite of their long association they

cling to their separate languages and distinctive tribal ways. Like most of the tribes of the plains, they found the passing of the buffalo a signal that they must leave their old roving life.

We can find in Oklahoma Indians of the least civilized type, as well as those who live quite as well as most white men do. Along the north fork of the Canadian River are the Mexican Kickapoos, living in huts covered with mats which they weave from reeds gathered upon the river banks. These huts, black with smoke from an open wood fire in the center, full of disorder, dirt, and decay, are an illustration of primitive life in its least pleasant form. On the other hand, there are fine homes, well kept, where live many of the leaders of the state, men and women of Indian blood. Robert Owen, for many years a United States Senator from Oklahoma, is directly descended from Narcissa Owen, one of the Cherokee women who made the bitter forced march to the new country in 1833. Representatives in Congress, governors of the state, leaders in business and in political life, have been of Indian blood. Although no longer reserved for the Indian alone, this country still bears the Indian character in many different ways.

So, in our travels around the United States, we

have found Indians in both the west and the east. We have seen them in the Florida swamps and along the coast of the Pacific Ocean. We have found some that were fabulously rich and some wretchedly poor. We have found some in the flimsiest of temporary shelters and others in stone houses centuries old. We have found some self-supporting and industrious, others idle and dependent upon Government distribution of food. We have found some living where their ancestors have lived before them; others who have traveled halfway across the continent to their present homes. While they are of one race, they are of hundreds of different tribes within that race, speaking different languages, following different ways of living, cherishing many different beliefs and customs.

Each of these tribes has a history of its own of which we know only a part, since all that happened before the coming of the white man could be handed down only by word of mouth. But the part that we know gives us some of the most stirring events in the history of our land.

DAYS OF LONG AGO

When the explorers from Europe made their way across Asia to China, they found a people who already had a written language. The Chinese had printed characters of their own, and for many centuries had produced their own books and records. So their history dates far, far back beyond the time when the Europeans came to their land.

But with America it was different. None of the tribes on the North American Continent had learned the art of writing. There were no books, no libraries. The different tribes knew of their own history only by traditions handed down by the old people to their children; and of the other tribes they knew much less. Most of these traditions are so confused with fables and miraculous happenings that no one can tell how much is fact and how much merely imagination. We cannot call it history at all. So the written history of America begins with the time when Europeans, who had written languages of their own, came to the land and began to put accounts of it into their chronicles.

But back of this written history, for all races, there is another kind of history that can be found

by those who have patience to hunt and understanding to perceive it. This is prehistory or archaeology. Wherever men live they leave traces of their living on the land. The remains of the caves or huts in which they dwelt, the picture-writing which they did on the rocks and cliffs, the fragments of the tools or the jars they used, the bones of the animals that they slew, or the sites of their own burial places, all have a story to tell. We cannot learn from these things exact dates and names, as in written history; but we can learn much about



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

AN OLD-STYLE TOMAHAWK

the lives and doings of people who have vanished from the world.

All over the United States there are places which on exploration tell a great deal about the people who lived here before the white men came. The very site of our nation's capital, at Washington, is a place where the early Indian tribes used to manufacture arrowheads in great numbers. Many a boy or girl, living in the country round about that

city, has found in the fields pieces of chipped stone roughly shaped like the head of an arrow. If there were only a few of these we would know that at some time they had been shot over the land; perhaps in hunting the deer, perhaps in a battle. But in this particular spot there were so many of these arrowheads, and particularly so many stones that were imperfect or unfinished arrowheads, that men who had made a study of these things knew that Indians must have gathered from many places to chip the stone to the shape they wished. The only tools they had for this work were other stones, or pieces of wood. So there were many stones broken and spoiled in their work. Here the Virginia tribes, of whom Powhatan was one of the mighty chiefs, must have come to trade their skins or their corn for the stone implements. Perhaps the fierce fighters of the Iroquoian tribes to the north sent their peltries down to this rude primitive factory. No one can say that a party came in this year, or that a battle was waged in another. But there is a record written in these stones to tell us much about how the red men worked and what they did with the products of their labors.

While there are these unwritten records of early people in different parts of the country, it is in the

southwest, and especially in the states of Arizona and New Mexico, that the traces of the life of centuries ago are most apparent. This is partly because of the nature of the country itself. Because there is little wood, when the natives built they were obliged to use stone or something of a more permanent nature than was required in the woodland areas. And because it is such a sunny, dry country, buildings are not so easily destroyed by mold or by vegetation, but lie baking for years upon years in the wind and sun. So scientists have dug and studied for a long time here in this land, which used to be called the "Great American Desert." They have found the traces of two different cultures or ways of living, before the days of the present dwellers in pueblos. It is probable that the people whose lives they have pictured were all of the Indian race; but their homes, their industries, and their manners and customs show very different stages of development.

The first people of whom traces have been found are referred to as the Basket-makers. Baskets were about the first thing primitive man, or rather primitive woman, learned to make. It was natural that in carrying some object which she wished to use, she would look about her for something that

would be of help. Reeds and twigs were stout enough to hold her burden, but not wide enough to form a surface upon which to lay it. Several of them, stretched out side by side, would give such a surface; but they would not stay side by side without fastenings. It was probably through some



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology
A ZUNI WATER JAR

such thinking as this that the idea was developed of winding reeds or twigs in and out, so as to make a flat and firm surface.

Then came the idea of shaping the basket to form a jar instead of a tray. The people who first used baskets were at the very beginning of the development which makes all the difference between men and animals. They were learning to make the objects of nature about them a help to their daily lives instead of a hindrance.

After the Basket-makers came a period known as the pre-Pueblo culture. No one can say how long these periods were, but it may be that in some future time students will be able to tell much more

closely than they can now the age of the ruins that are being excavated. One of those most recently unearthed is supposed to be the oldest of them all. It is the farthest west of all the pre-Pueblo villages that have been excavated. This new-old city, which lies along the Muddy River in the state of Nevada, is called "Pueblo Grande de Nevada." It is older, they tell us, than the most ancient Egyptian tombs that have been dug up. It was between five and ten thousand years ago that these pre-Pueblo folk made their jars and baskets, built their stone benches and walls, made their garments of vegetable fiber and of twisted leather, polished their ornamental beads of turquoise and shell.

These pre-Pueblo village folk were a little people, if one may judge by the rooms in their houses, which were perhaps six feet by eight in size, with small doorways. They had learned to do many things of which the Basket-makers had known nothing. Probably they had learned to make jars by first chinking the spaces in their baskets with clay, and then discovering that the clay became hardened when baked in the fire. By and by they learned how to make the jars without using a framework of basketry. But they had not thought of the potter's wheel, by which the jar is made

smoother and more symmetrical. They shaped their jars with their hands. Their pottery was of black and white clay; it was not until later days that other colors were used in decoration.

Many of these early locations may be found all over the southwest. Some of them are built in clefts in the steep rocky walls which line the canyons. Cliff Palace, in southwestern Colorado, is one of the most famous. The Government has set this aside as a national park, called "Mesa Verde," or "Green Tableland." This big "palace" is set in a cliff or cave which is as long as an ordinary city block. In its middle portion it is about the width of a city street, and as high as it is wide. On this sheltered ledge, facing the western sun, a hundred and seventeen rooms were located, built of buff sandstone and adobe mortar. Many of them have upper stories. Some of them are living-rooms, with fireplaces where cooking was done; some are dark storage-rooms; some are "Kivas," or underground rooms, used for ceremonial purposes. For these the solid rock more than once had to be excavated for several feet.

A smaller cliff-house of this sort, located in Canyon de Chelly in northern Arizona, is another interesting example of the protection these early folk

sought by making their homes high up among the rocks. Time has worn away from "The White House," as this is called, all trace of the ladders or supports by which one climbed to the high homes. There are still tiny footholds here and there along the rock. One can imagine the little people drawn up together in their stronghold, hurling down their stone missiles upon the besieging enemy. For as long ago as we can learn anything of



A CLIFF DWELLING

The White House, in Canyon de Chelly, Arizona, is built in a crevice of a cliff a thousand feet high. The wall underneath the ruin is covered with Indian pictographs.

this country, there was always warfare going on between those who lived settled lives in villages, and those who roved about seeking food and adventure wherever they could find them. The Canyon de Chelly is full of these cliff-built homes, and full of stories, if the rocks could tell them. We see here and there on the rocky walls such stories as the Indians could record, in picture-writing, crude images that represent men and animals, the sun and moon, the wind and the lightning.

Picture-writing is the first attempt of mankind to tell a story or make a record which will last longer than the spoken voice. All of the tribes did this to some extent, and in different ways, as materials were at hand to be used. With the plains tribes records were kept, sometimes, on a tanned buffalo-hide. Sometimes there would be a representation of an important event of each year, and time would be told by reference to that event. Nearly a hundred years ago there was a great fall of bright meteors from the sky, and this was noted as most awe-inspiring in all the Indian tribes. Not long ago an old Pawnee died of whom it was said that "he was born in the year when the stars fell." A great fall of snow, an unusual and disastrous drought, a visitation of devastating sickness, or

war with a neighboring Indian tribe, would be a means of distinguishing one year from another.

In order to shorten this picture-writing, a few strokes would be made to represent a man; a wavy line might be used to mean a river, or a jagged one a storm. Among many tribes the belt of wampum, of bright-colored shells or beads, was woven so as to tell a story or to symbolize an agreement between tribes. Whenever the Iroquois made a treaty they brought belts of wampum with them.

In the same way the designs worked into rugs or baskets, or applied in color to the jars and pots, may have a great deal of meaning. In the early days probably everything that was fashioned by an Indian woman or man told something of the tribe or the maker. But those that have been produced in recent years are not so full of stories. Indian work today is intended quite as much to sell to the white man as for Indian use; and the potters and weavers have learned to copy designs that they think will be pleasing to those who purchase. Even Indians farthest from settlements, those roving bands who travel about in the desert portions of southern Utah, bring their deep red and white baskets to the trader's store to exchange them for coffee and flour. But they have still kept their

tribal design woven in a wine-colored band around the interior of the basket; and always there is a break in the band, and a clear space running across the design, through which it is said the evil spirit may escape. If this perverse creature were not given a door of departure, he would remain to plague the basket-maker, they think.

When white men first knew of the many abandoned Indian pueblos whose ruins are to be found all through the southwest, they believed that there must have been in early days a vast race of pueblo-dwellers, instead of the ten thousand or more who are all that have been known in historic times. They believed, also, that the land must at one time have had much more water, and a much damper climate than now, or it would not have supported so great a number of people. But as they looked deeper into the matter, dug farther into the ruins of the villages, and studied what they found there a little harder, they decided that there had not been so many people as they thought. They realized that those who did live there had changed their homes frequently, instead of remaining in the same place as they have done in recent centuries.

Several reasons would make them abandon one village and build another. Perhaps some illness

would come upon them, and they would move to escape the evil spirit that they thought had been the cause of their trouble. Perhaps it would be a visit from some of the marauding tribes that would make them flee to a safer place. Or after a time, since they had little water and less idea of what we would call sanitation, it would be easier to move to a new place than to clean up the old one.

When the Spaniards came they made every effort to stop this moving, and the "reduction" of the Indians to villages, as they called it, was one of the activities which made their rule seem harsh to the easy-going natives. But even within recent times there have been some changes. Several pueblos have been abandoned because their inhabitants became "Mexicanized;" that is, they became so like the Spanish-speaking inhabitants of the country that they no longer wished to live apart from them and to maintain their strictly Indian customs and ceremonies.

One of these abandoned villages which touches on written history is Hawikuh, at which archaeologists from the Museum of the American Indian, in New York City, have been working for some years. Hawikuh, a few miles from where the Zuñi Indians now live, was probably that first of the

Seven Cities of Cibola which Fray Marcos saw on his expedition through the land, in 1539. It was still inhabited at the time of the general rebellion of the Pueblos against the Spaniards, in 1680, but like many other Indian villages, was deserted at



AN ANCIENT ZUNI PUEBLO

These ruins, long buried beneath the earth, in New Mexico, have recently been excavated.

that time. When the rebellion was over, the Zuni Indians were all concentrated in the present Zuni village, and Hawikuh was left to be covered by dust and vegetation, through the years.

On this little rise of ground which overlooks a wide plain, one may stand in the midst of half-fallen walls of stone that were once the village

of Hawikuh. Twenty years of patient digging have brought to light many of the old rooms and passage-ways. Many more, doubtless, still lie under the soil. Indians from Zuñi pueblo have been the helpers of the archaeologists in this work, and have been carefully digging out, bit by bit, the story of the past of their own people. Great heaps of broken pottery always form a part of such ruined towns. To this day many Indian tribes have the custom of destroying everything that was owned by a person who dies, and probably it is for this reason that we find much broken pottery at the burial mounds.

There are found here at Hawikuh, pieces of the black and white pottery that is of the early type. There are also pieces of plain gray-white, fluted with the thumbnail; also a very early sort of work. And there are the later colored pieces. Many bits, here and there, gathered together and patiently fitted, have resulted in the reconstruction of complete large pieces for the museum, where everyone may see the long-destroyed work of some Indian woman long dead, brought to light again to give us a bit of history.

Among the odd things uncovered in the excavations at Hawikuh were three little pens built into

the corners of different rooms. They were evidently meant for the accommodation of some living creature, but were so narrow and so dark that not many kinds of creature would have continued to live in such a place. At first there was a great deal of wonder as to what use these little pens could have had. It was a Spanish monk of three centuries ago, Fray Estevan de Perea, who solved the mystery. In one of his visits to Zuñi he wrote that the Spaniards saw in the houses of Indians wood enclosures, and, within those enclosures, groups of hissing and leaping rattlesnakes. "And our men," the monk wrote, "desiring to know the object of having these serpents imprisoned, they told them that with their venom they poisoned the arrows, wherewith the wounds their opponents received were irremediable."

In this case the history that was written helped out the history that was unwritten, and explained something that might otherwise have remained a mystery. On the other hand, it sometimes becomes very difficult for these scientific diggers to distinguish between the things that were done before white men came to this country and those that were affected by their influence, at just about the time of the great change. For contact with the white

race made immediate and very important changes in all the tribes of Indians, even in those who did not actually meet white men face to face.

A huge white rock in western New Mexico stands as a reminder of this time when the Stone Age of America and the European Age of Exploration came face to face. One of the gleaming faces of this cliff which stands out against the sky in the clear air is of a softer stone, and led one after another who passed by to scratch a picture or a record upon it, for other passers-by to read. Nearly every traveler in this region stopped here, for springs are few, and there was a clear one in the shadow of the rock. It is thirty miles from Zuñi village, and on the old road from Zuñi to the Rio Grande pueblos. "El Morro," or "The Castle," is the name the Spaniards gave it. English-speaking Americans remained ignorant of its existence for some time after this section of the country became United States territory. The name they gave to it, when discovered, was Inscription Rock. It has recently been set aside for a national monument and is to be preserved as a piece of history for us to study.

The early picture-writing of the Indians which we find on this rock has, of course, no date. The earliest of the Spanish autographs upon this huge

page is that of Don Juan de Onate, *adelantado* or officer in charge, who recorded his passage on the sixteenth of April, 1606. "Paso por aqui" is the



INSCRIPTION ROCK

In Valencia County, New Mexico,
now preserved as a national
monument.

way all these inscriptions begin; "passed by here" many a Spanish general with his command, eager to gain riches from the country.

Another autograph which tells a story of intense interest is that of Don Diego de Vargas, who wrote in 1692 that he passed by, after having "conquered for our Holy Faith and for the Royal Crown all the New Mexico, at his own expense." This

was the dashing expedition which crushed the Pueblo rebellion of twelve years before, and brought the country back again into the hands of the Spaniard.

Some of these soldiers of long ago were not at all ashamed to boast of their own exploits. Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nueto wrote that he had "achieved the impossible by his indomitable arm," in carrying the faith to Zuñi in 1629; paying tribute to himself as "a careful and gallant sol-

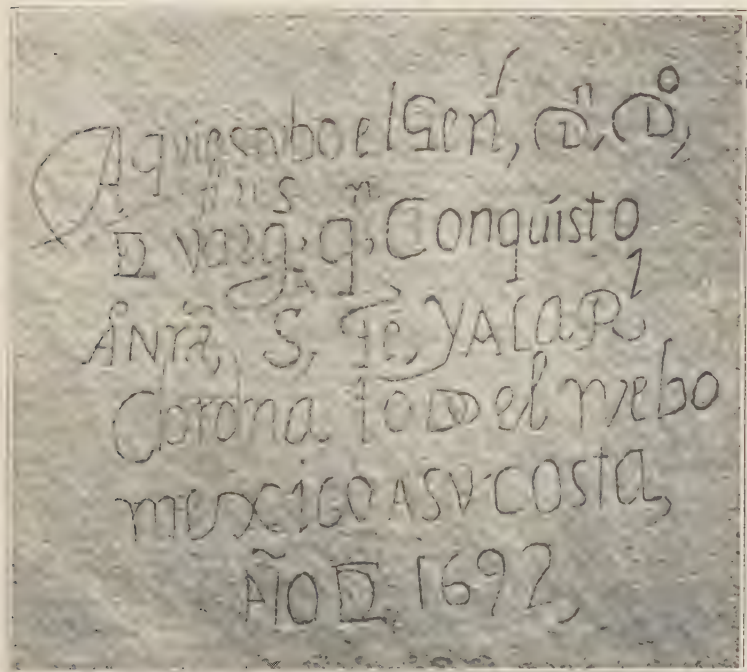


Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

THE TRAIL OF THE CONQUERORS

One of the old Spanish inscriptions on Inscription Rock. It reads: "Here was the General Don Diego de Vargas, who conquered for our Holy Faith and for the Royal Crown all the New Mexico, at his own expense, year of 1692."

dier," acting with "persuasiveness, zeal, and prudence."

Don Félix Martinez passed by in 1716 in an effort to reduce the pueblos of the Hopi to submission; but his expedition was a failure, and the Hopi never returned to Spanish rule after the rebellion of 1680. So the men who made these expeditions are long since gone, and the old pueblo on the top of El Morro rock is crumbled and lost; but here on the face of the cliff is the writing that tells who came this way, centuries ago, helping to make history for eyes today to read.

This rock of history now looks down upon no gleaming swords and shining armor. The toot of an automobile horn echoes instead of a bugle call. There are rolling tires instead of stamping hoofs. History is always being made everywhere in the world, but not so rapidly in this quiet corner as it was centuries ago.

THE PEOPLE OF THE LONG HOUSE

Of all the Indian peoples north of Mexico, in the days before the white man came to live in America, the Five Nations were the most powerful. They were Iroquoian tribes, formed into a mighty league which was dreaded by all the other peoples about them. No one knows just when this confederation was formed; but it had had a very strong influence upon the whole northeastern part of our land for at least a century before the explorers became well enough acquainted with the Indians to learn of its existence.

The five peoples who joined in this League were the Mohawks, the Senecas, the Cayugas, the Onondagas, and the Oneidas. They called themselves "People of the Long House," partly because they built themselves long houses of logs in which many families lived together, and partly because, in their picturesque way of talking, they spoke of the country in which they were all-powerful as a house whose front doorway opened in the beautiful Mohawk Valley in eastern New York; and whose long walls stretched out westward to the Falls of Niagara, which was the other way of entrance to

their domain. Truly this was a long house and a rich and beautiful one. Within this country the Indians of the Five Nations were supreme; and for many miles beyond their power was felt and dreaded. Northward above the Great Lakes, southward below the Potomac, westward to the Mississippi Valley, their war cry struck terror to



MODERN IROQUOIS LONG HOUSE

This is on the Onondaga Reservation, near Syracuse, New York.

the hearts of all their foes. Their council fire at Onondaga Lake was kept burning ever brightly, and the tomahawk never grew dull from disuse.

Yet, savage as they were, these Indians were in many ways more developed than most of the tribes with which the early settlers had any relations. The very fact that they had formed a league meant that they had developed a sort of government,

which marked a great change from the really savage days when each little family or clan roamed alone, an enemy to every other similar group. These Iroquois were in five different tribes, and later a sixth, the Tuscaroras, came from the south to join them. Each tribe had its own divisions into clans, and each had its own headmen and chiefs. Besides this, there were councils of the League as a whole; a council of fifty sachems, chosen from the different tribes; a council of tribal chiefs; a council of tribal warriors; and even a council of the mothers of the tribes. All these would meet at Onondaga and discuss matters which they wished to decide for the good of the whole League.

This Long House country where the Iroquois lived and fought was in an important position. There was a protecting ring of hills all about; and waterways led in every direction away from the stronghold. Holding this land from the Great Lakes to the Hudson, they were able to cut off the way between the tribes to the north and those to the south. This was a great help in establishing their power over the other Indians. Later, when white people began to settle the land, this location proved even more valuable; and the friendship or enmity of the Iroquois Indians was a vital matter.

North of the land of the Iroquois, along the St. Lawrence, the French had explored and settled, long before English colonists had come to the new land. They had come among the Huron Indians and had made friends with them; but the Hurons were ancient enemies of the Iroquois and the French had early become entangled in that warfare. Champlain, in 1609, exploring the waters of the lake that was afterwards given his name, saw on the bank a party of Indian warriors of the Mohawk tribe. His guides, who were Hurons, immediately began to interchange insults and threats with their enemies. The Mohawks held their ground and were ready to fight in the morning, when the Hurons would attempt to land. They were amazed beyond belief when they saw white men, of whose existence they had not heard before; and they thought it a miracle when shots from an arquebus felled some of their number. It was their first acquaintance with guns as well. But the little victory which Champlain and his arquebus won that day proved in the end a great loss to the French people. There was fighting back and forth between them and the League for many a year; and when England and France had their final struggle for the ownership of the new land, the

Iroquois were allied with the English and helped them to conquer.

Most of them kept that alliance when the war came between England and her American colonies. One reason for this was the strong influence one man, Sir William Johnson, had over them. He lived in a vast estate in the midst of the Mohawk country, and was looked upon as a brother by the Mohawk tribe. Even so warlike a people as these were beginning to learn many of the white man's ways of living. An artist who visited Fort Johnson, as the big home of Sir William was called, wrote with astonishment of the Indian chiefs who came frequently to dine with him. They wore clothing such as any white man would wear, and for the most part talked in English, to the disappointment of the visitor, who was expecting to see strange creatures in blankets and feathers, making their wishes known by means of grunts. Even now there are people who have the same odd notions about all Indians, and do not realize that while there are some who still live in the old wild way, there are many more that follow the ways of the white man in every respect.

Sir William Johnson died just before the Revolutionary War began. It was his Indian brother-in-

law, Thayendanegea, better known as Joseph Brant, who was the Iroquois leader. He was the most picturesque figure of that time. He traveled to Europe in the year 1775, and apparently he made up his mind that it was wisest to be on the



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

JOSEPH BRANT; "THAYENDANEGEA"
Iroquois Chief and British ally during
the Revolution.

British side in the war. When he came back he used all his power and influence to lead the League of the Iroquois to take up the hatchet against the colonists.

Most of them listened to him and were on the British side during the long years of warfare. But one of the Six Nations, the Oneida, the people of the granite stone, did not respond to his appeals. They had with them a missionary, the Reverend Samuel Kirkland, who had come to them some years before. In him they had such confidence that when he urged them to remain neutral and not to take up the hatchet for either side, the greater portion of the tribe, and a goodly number of the Tuscaroras, agreed to keep the peace.

There is a great deal of wisdom in this reply which they sent to the New England colonies concerning the war:

“Brothers, we have heard of the unhappy differences and great contentions between you and old England. We wonder greatly and are troubled in our minds. But be at peace respecting us Indians. We can not intermeddle in this dispute between two brothers. The quarrel seems to be unnatural. You are two brothers of one blood. We are unwilling to join on either side in such a contest, for we bear an equal affection to you both.”

This division among the tribes of the League was really the end of the League itself. The Six Nations were never again to be a confederacy. In 1776 the great council fire that had burned at Onondaga for many generations died out, and never again was it rekindled for a gathering of the sachems and the chiefs.

The story of the Revolutionary War in this land of the Iroquois would in itself fill many a volume. The raids and the battles follow one another throughout the years. Brant and his Mohawk and Seneca warriors struck terror to the hearts of the settlers. Colonel Walter Butler and his redcoated men were just as savage, often disguising them-

selves in Indian robes and paint that their attacks might be the more dreaded. The American troops in their turn laid waste the whole beautiful land so that it might not afford supplies for their enemies, and there was desolation and distress where there had been smiling fields and lofty forests.

But in the end the colonists were victorious and the British troops were withdrawn. For the Indians it was not so easy to withdraw. This was the land which had been their home for centuries, and now it was held by those who remembered with bitterness and horror the long years of scalping and torture and massacre. The Indians had been promised lands and power when the war began. Now that it had ended with victory for the Americans, those promises could not be and were not fulfilled. When the British troops withdrew to Fort Oswego they told their Indian allies they could leave; they would not be expected to fight any longer, nor would any more food be given them. The next year the formal treaty of peace was made between England and America; but in this no mention was made of Great Britain's Indian allies. They could shift for themselves.

Joseph Brant, after many efforts, succeeded some time later in inducing the English to permit

his Mohawk people to live in Canada. A considerable number did follow Brant to that country, and after being shifted about from place to place they found a home on Grand River, at the eastern end of Lake Erie. But the Indians who remained within the borders of the new United States had to make their peace as best they could, without any help from Great Britain.

Some of them, indeed, were even yet unwilling to bury the hatchet. Red Jacket, for one, was eager to continue to fight and to draw in the "far Indians," as they called those who lived in the Great Lakes region, to aid them. But the majority were tired of the eight long years of fighting, and knew that without any white allies it would be harder to keep up the warfare. So in 1784 a treaty of peace was signed, in which these members of the Six Nations who wished to stay in the United States agreed to give up their claim to the western lands on an assurance that they would be given permanent reservations within the borders of the state of New York.

This agreement was made before the United States had really been organized into a single nation; for it was not until five years later that our Constitution was adopted. Between the time of

the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution our country was much more like a league or a confederacy of separate states than a single nation. This proved confusing to the Indians, who complained that there were "thirteen council fires," as their picturesque phrase ran. They dealt with the people of the great council fire, but those of some of the smaller fires claimed a share in the deliberations.

But in 1794, when the last treaty was made, the United States had been made into one nation by the Constitution, and an agreement was made with these Indians that is still in force. During the next century there was scarcely a time when there was not a war with Indians going on in some part of our big country, but never again did the Six Nations gather to fight against the United States.

When the second war with England came, many people of New York were afraid that there would be a general outbreak. A great many individual members of the different tribes did give aid to the English, particularly those Indians who lived in the western portions of the country, and were therefore in closer contact with the "far Indians" who were allies of Great Britain. Even the Seneca and the Mohawk did not go on the warpath as a

tribe, however. They continued to hold the land that had been assigned to them and to receive the payments that had been promised them.

For most of those members of the Six Nations who remained within the United States the days of the warpath were over. More and more they settled down to support themselves on their lands as the white residents did. Soon they were considered as peaceful citizens, quite different from the still warlike and roving Indians to the west of them. In 1834, Congress made a number of laws "to regulate intercourse with the Indian tribes." These provided what people might go into Indian country and what rules they should obey after going there. But the Indians of New York State had already gone so far on the way to adopting the white man's civilization that many of these laws did not apply to them at all.

It was about this time that the Oneida Indians sold their lands in the state of New York and removed to the Green Bay region in Wisconsin. The man who was largely responsible for this change was one Eleazar Williams, who came from the Canadian section of the Six Nations and had been sent as a missionary among the redmen. Williams had an ambitious project to take all the

League Indians remaining within the borders of the United States to the region beyond the Great Lakes and there to build up a great Indian empire. But in the end only the Oñeida listened to his prophecies and plans.

The story of this Eleazar, or Lazarre, Williams is a most unusual one. He was said to be the son of Tehoragwanegan or Thomas Williams, a war chief of that band of Mohawk that had long before been induced by the French priests to take up their residence at Caughnawaga, in Quebec. But in later years he claimed to be the son of no less a person than the son of the king of France, and heir to the throne of that country. This claim led to a great deal of discussion, and was seriously believed by a great many people. Books were written to prove that he was really the Dauphin, as the heir to the throne of France is called; and other books were written to prove him an impostor.

Some years after our own Revolution was ended the people of France, too, had rebelled and changed their form of government. Their king and his family were all put into prison, and after a time the king and queen were beheaded. The children of the royal family were not executed, but were kept in prison for a long time; and the little Dauphin,

who but for this rebellion might have come some day to be king himself, was ill-fed and ill-treated, wasting away until his mind and his body were both exhausted. It was a very troublous time in France; everything was in turmoil. When it was announced that the boy was dead, there were at the same time rumors, which many people believed, telling that he had been secretly stolen away by people who hoped some day to overturn the new government and bring the lad back to France as their King.



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

REV. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS

Whom many people believed to be
the lost Dauphin of France.

One of these stories related that the sick child had been taken away to America and hidden there, among the Indians. The appearance and life of Eleazar Williams, who was of the age the lost Dauphin would have been if he had lived to manhood, were such as to lead many people to believe sin-

cerely that this Indian missionary was really the heir to the throne of France. Many, even of those who did not place any faith in this story, at least believed that Williams was sincere in thinking himself to be the Dauphin. Still others thought him dishonest in every way, careless both of the truth and of the money given him for the Indians under his charge. After so many years it is hard to tell just where the truth may be found in such a story; and the different tales about the little lost Dauphin of France are legends growing up in the present time, like those that grow in the early days of any people.

The Oneida at first found it hard to live in their new home. They had really become accustomed to the ways of civilized life, and the new country was much wilder, so that they could not till the soil so easily. But they were always much more industrious and independent than the woods tribes who lived about them. After a period of unrest they settled down to farming their land, and today they are to be found living in much the same way as the white people of that section of the country. They are not wealthy, but they are self-supporting and self-respecting.

The few Oneidas who remained in New York, of

course, no longer had a reservation, for they had sold this tribal land in accepting the lands in Wisconsin. But each was given a farm in New York as his share of the tribe's property. They have long been living and conducting their affairs for themselves without any supervision from the Government.

In fact, so far as the National Government goes, the other remnants of the League of the Iroquois, on their seven little reservations, have very little supervision. They still cling to the treaty made in 1794, and are very proud to say that they are independent nations, not really a part of the United States at all, though living within its borders. The treaty provides that when certain serious crimes, such as murder and arson, are committed, the offenders shall be turned over to the courts for punishment. But for smaller offenses the Indians themselves are the judge. Within their little reserves they have their own laws and their own courts, and are not subject to the laws of the United States or of the state in which they live.

The old treaty provided that there should be given to these Indians, "annually forever," the sum of forty-five hundred dollars, "to be expended in clothing, domestic animals, agricultural imple-

ments, and in compensating useful artificers employed for their benefit." Every year since the agreement was signed the payment has been made. There are so many Indians now among whom the goods must be divided that each one of them re-



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology
A MODERN SENECA INDIAN

ceives only the price of a very small piece of cloth as his share. As a piece of cloth it is too small to be of much use; but to the Indians it is a symbol of their independent position. It means to them that they are still nations who have treaty relations with the United States, and are not subject to

the United States except so far as they agree to be of their own will.

When war broke out in Europe in 1914, a circus that was traveling there had a good deal of difficulty in getting its employees and its goods out of the zone of trouble. Among the employees were Indians of the Onondaga Reservation, in New York

State; and they felt that their treatment by the warring countries was a very serious matter. So the council of chiefs of the Onondaga Nation solemnly met and declared war upon Germany; not because the United States went to war, but because the Onondaga Nation itself was offended. The Onondaga Nation had no army to send and no navy



THE BATTLEFIELD OF ORISKANY

This monument near Herkimer, N. Y., marks the site of a battle of the Revolution in which British and Indians were defeated by the American colonists.

to carry its forces across the water. Just the same, it wished Germany to understand that it was an independent country and that the rights of its people must be respected.

A FIGHTING RACE

The numerous Indian people whom we know as the Sioux have always called themselves "Dakotas," which means "allies." It is a good name for these seven bands who spoke much the same language, had many customs in common, and aided one another in the many wars they had with other tribes and with the white people who came to this country. Two large states, North and South Dakota, keep their name alive; and in these states today live the greater number of the descendants of these tribes, though there are others in Montana, Minnesota, and neighboring states.

But the name by which we know them was told to the white man by the Chippewas, and "Nadoweisiw," shortened to Sioux, meant to the Chippewa Indians "adders," or "enemies." There is a diminutive addition to the word which indicates that they were enemies less to be feared than the Iroquois, who were "Nadowe," or "full-sized enemies."

There was a reason for this distinction between the two. It did not mean that the Sioux were any less fierce or less warlike, but merely that they were less powerful. When the French explorers came

to the Great Lakes region they came upon the Chippewa people first, and before long the Indians of this tribe had guns which made them a great terror to the tribes to the west, who had not yet become familiar with the weapons of the white man. There had always been war between the Chippewas and the Sioux; and now gunpowder gave victory to the Chippewas, so that they drove their "lesser enemies" out of the woodlands and down into the country west of the Mississippi. It was there that the white man first became acquainted with them.



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

A SIOUX WOMAN

There is a tradition in the Sioux tribe that many generations before, up in the northern country, they had followed an agricultural life to some extent; but nothing was left of this but a memory when history became acquainted with the tribe. They were plains Indians, buffalo-hunting, living

in skin tepees and rejoicing in the warpath. When Captains Lewis and Clark went through their country, in the early days of the nineteenth century, the Sioux were willing enough to receive the presents which the white man brought, but were unwilling to let the party go on its way unmolested. Even after they had smoked the pipe of peace, had prepared and eaten with their visitors the sacrificial feast of dog meat, and had danced and feasted for two days as a show of friendliness and hospitality, they still objected to letting the white men continue their journey farther into the wilderness. The men of the expedition were glad indeed when they finally, after long parleys, got away without any open attack. In memory of this experience they called the island where they had met the Sioux, "Badhumored Island."

The Sioux were still in a bad humor with the Americans when the second war with England arose, and were allies of the British. It was at the close of that war, in 1815, that they made their first treaty with the United States, promising to remain at peace with the nation. But for fifty years after that they were at war more frequently than at peace; and it was not until seventy-five years later that they had their last encounter with the army of

the United States. As for their wars with other tribes, they were so many that no historian could ever have recorded them. Down in the plains, they fought with the Pawnees as regularly as they met them; just as in the woodland days they had carried on a continual strife with the Chippewas. They were as brave as they were cruel; and they feared nothing, not even an entire army. It took long years for them to realize that the white men were too many to be defied forever.

A ceremony which shows the warlike and fearless character of these Indians is the sun-dance, which all the different tribes of the plains used to practice. With the different bands of the Sioux it was an annual event, lasting for several days, usually in the late summer. The purpose of this dance was to propitiate the evil spirits by sacrifice and suffering, and the tortures endured by the candidates for a place among the warriors were horrible to see. Certainly, men who could endure so much without flinching were ready for whatever fate might come to them in time of war.

The Sioux were in seven bands, some of which lived east of the Mississippi River, while others roved the western plains beyond that stream. Missionaries from the United States began to go out

to the Sioux by 1834, but only the eastern tribes were the ones to feel the results of these early efforts. In 1837 thirty warriors of the Mdewakanton band of Sioux were taken to Washington to see the President. Cities, railroads, tall buildings, narrow streets, must have been a strange sight indeed to their eyes, and a lesson to teach them the numbers and ability of the white man. Many learned this lesson; and as time went on there were more and more of them who began to settle down upon their lands and to forsake the taking of scalps and the making of war medicine.

Among these Indians a "medicine man" did not mean a doctor, as we would think from the sound. It is true that the medicine men did sometimes profess to cure sick people, but that was only a small part of the remarkable things they were thought to be able to accomplish. They would look upon the objects of nature and read in them signs that would tell the future. They would repeat songs and incantations which would bring their tribes victory in war and abundance in the hunt. They were magicians and priests and physicians, all in one. They were often much more powerful among the Indians than the war chiefs themselves, because they were supposed to rule over both peace and war,

both the present and the future. There are still a few tribes who believe that their medicine men can control events in this way; but they are among those who have lived so far removed from the white men, and so closely drawn together in their own old ways, that they have not begun to realize how many marvelous things there are in the world which the medicine man cannot begin to understand.

In his early days the Indian thought of even the simplest things as very mysterious, and the work of supernatural beings who were trying to do him harm. If

he had an accident it was because some evil spirit lay in wait to trip him up. If a thunder-shower came up he felt it was a threat from some unseen monster up in the sky. If a sickness came to the tribe he thought some witch had placed a spell upon it. So he was always ready to believe that the medicine man, with his ceremonies and songs, could



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

SITTING BULL

Great medicine man of the Sioux
Indians.

help him to make friends with the evil spirits and ward off the harm they would do him. All the early stories that the Indians tell are full of this feeling that the whole world is alive and that every thing in nature happens for the purpose of injuring or helping man.

So when the Indians went to war, and that was almost all the time for these roving ones, they took a great deal of hope and courage from the incantations of their medicine men. The best known of all the medicine men of the Sioux was Sitting Bull. He was with his people, though he was not their war leader, in the famous fight with General Custer and his little troop of men.

All during the years of the Civil War, from 1861 to 1865, there was warfare on the plains between the Indians of many tribes and the army of the United States. There were many Sioux who did not take part in this, of course; many who had already become friendly to the white man and ready to learn some of his ways. But the "hostiles," as the warlike Indians were called, were very many and very fierce. They could not become reconciled to the idea of giving up their wild ways.

In 1868 a treaty was made between the United States and the Indians who had been at war on the

plains, and by this treaty the Indians agreed to stay at peace and to settle upon certain portions of the western land, leaving the rest of it for the use of the white man. The United States, on the other hand, promised to keep the white men out of the country of the Indian. But the agreement proved too hard to keep. Part of the land that was reserved was the Black Hills of Dakota, which the Indians believed to be the abode of mysterious spirits. They themselves did not go there very often, and they wanted it left for the spirits.

But white men were more curious about the earth and what it might hold than about these ghostly residents. When gold was discovered in this country it was impossible to keep a great flood of white men from pouring into the land. It has always been that way, all over the world, wherever gold has been discovered. Men seem to grow mad with excitement and greed, and no armies can keep them away from the place where they think it may be found.

So before long there were hordes of white men coming into the country that had been promised to the Indian. This made the hostiles all the more ready for war, and there was one battle after another, for a number of years. It would be too long

a story to tell of all the campaigns and all the battles. The one with Custer, in 1876, was the last and most tragic of them all.

In southeastern Montana is a river which we know as the Little Big Horn. The Sioux name for it was the Greasy Grass. The hostile bands of the Sioux, with Northern Cheyennes and a few Arapahoes, had been roaming about in this section, dodging and skirmishing. All the friendly members of the tribes had gone in to the reservations that had been set apart for them, and those who strayed away were on the warpath. There were thousands of them encamped on the banks of Little Big Horn, almost hidden from sight by the brow of a hill, when General Custer's command rode along the ridge of the hill in search of them. Chief Gall was their war chief; Sitting Bull their medicine man.

The white soldiers had not expected to find so big a force. Then, too, they had expected help from two other detachments, led by Reno and Benteen; but their plans went awry, and Custer's two hundred men were overwhelmed by a thick cloud of redskinned warriors who rose up at them from every side. It was scarcely a half hour from the first sight of the command on the ridge until the firing died down and every member of the troop

was dead. There was no white survivor left to tell the story of that June afternoon; all that we know of it is what has been learned from some of the Sioux warriors who, years after, told to white men who were their friends what they knew of the engagement.



THE LITTLE BIG HORN

The hostile Sioux were encamped along this stream in Montana when Custer attacked them in 1876.

Today you can travel out to Montana and see where all this happened. It is a peaceful country, and from the automobile highway you can see the Little Big Horn, or the Greasy Grass, as the Sioux called it. The road passes by the very place where the big camp of Indians awaited the coming of the cavalry. Beyond the stream is the high ridge, and

it is not hard to imagine that you see against the sky the bluecoated cavalrymen riding along. In a moment, the fierce dark warriors, naked, shrieking with the frenzy of the fight, are all about them; the ridge is almost hidden in the thick smoke of their guns. Then the roaring dies down, and not a bluecoat is to be seen; only the Indian women and children going over the battlefield to mutilate and rob the corpses of their defeated foes.

Many years later, an Indian woman who was in the camp at the time told her story of the fight as she saw it:

"I cannot remember the time. When men fight and the air is filled with bullets, when the screaming of horses that are shot drowns the warwhoop of the warriors, a woman whose husband and brothers are in the battle does not think of the time. But the sun was no longer overhead when the warwhoop of the Sioux sounded from the river bottom and from the ravine surrounding the ridge where Long Hair (the Indian name for General Custer) had taken his last stand. * * * The last we could see from our side of the river was a great number of gray horses. The smoke of the shooting and the dust of the horses shut out the hill, and the soldiers fired many shots, but the Sioux shot straight

and the soldiers fell dead. The women crossed the river after the men of our village, and when we came to the hill there were no soldiers living and Long Hair lay dead among the rest. There were more than two hundred dead soldiers on the hill, and the boys of the village shot many who were al-



THE CUSTER BATTLEFIELD

Looking down the slope towards the Little Big Horn. The Indian whirlwind swept up this slope and wiped out Custer's command. The stones show where the bodies were found.

ready dead, for the blood of the people was hot and their hearts bad, and they took no prisoners that day. That night the Sioux, men, women, and children, lighted many fires and danced; their hearts were glad, for the Great Spirit had given them a great victory."

However, Sitting Bull, chief of the tribe, had not been in the camp during the fight, but up farther in the hills "making medicine." Yet when he came back and told them how his medicine had won the battle for them, they were all the more willing to admit his power, and to follow him out of the boundaries of the United States, and up into Canada, where they hoped to find hunting grounds as they had been used to know them, with no white men and no railroad-building to interfere with their old wild life.

But Canada did not prove to be the land of promise they had fancied. The five years spent in the northland proved to be five years of destitution and bitter suffering. In the end Sitting Bull was glad to lead his people back to the United States and to promise for them and for himself that they would not again go to war. For in Canada there were no annuity payments, no regular issues of beef and flour such as had always been given them by the United States so long as they remained at peace.

For a year or two after their return to the United States, Sitting Bull and some of his band were under military guard. Then they were sent to the reservation for the Sioux at Standing Rock, in Dakota Territory, as it was then called. Some

of the warriors became reconciled to the ways of the white man, and honestly tried to lead their people in the way of peace. But Sitting Bull was always dissatisfied, always regretful of the old times that were going and would never return. His tepee and those of his followers were set up about forty miles from the agency to which the Indians came for their rations.

In 1890 a strange excitement began to sweep over the Indian tribes of the land. It began with the Paiutes in the intermountain country. A young man of this tribe professed to have had a vision. He had gone to the world of departed spirits and there had been told that if his people would dance robed in white, like ghosts, and would go through certain ceremonies and repeat certain incantations, they would bring back to their people the old days. The white man and all his works would be wiped out and the hordes of buffalo would return again to the plains.

This story started the Indians to dancing as the dreamer had commanded. From his tribe the story spread to the east, and more and more tribes took up the ghost-dance. They threw away all that they could that was made by the white man and donned the long white garments, which they believed to be

magically powerful so that no bullet could ever pierce them.

When the ghost-dancing craze reached the land of the Dakotas, it proved a very good opportunity for Sitting Bull to get power again over his people. Their belief in him had been failing as more and more of them listened to the teachings of the white men. So in his camp there was wild dancing through the summer and fall of the year. The white people, who in their way are as ready to believe strange rumors as Indians are, began to fear that there would be an uprising of Indians everywhere. This was not a very wise idea, for the Indians were quite few compared to the white men, they were widely scattered, and spoke so many different languages that they could not easily communicate with one another. Besides, they had never been used to acting together, so that they had no leaders who were known in more than one tribe. But in spite of all these reasons to show that the Indians could not have had a general war, many people of the United States began to cherish a foolish fear that such a war would be made. The newspapers were full of sensational stories about the dance and about the excitement of the Indians.

It is quite true that the Indians were excited.

They would dance wildly about the sacred poles until they would fall fainting with exhaustion. In that faint they would have dreams or visions which they would tell to Sitting Bull, and he would interpret them to the others around him. Their faith in the return of the old life for the Indians thus grew stronger all the time.

It is probable that Sitting Bull meant to take advantage of this excitement to lead his followers off the reservation and join with hostile Indians from reservations to the south; but we shall never know just what the old medicine man had in mind. In December the fear of the white people grew so intense that they demanded that something be done to put an end to the ghost-dancing. The President ordered troops to go to the camp and arrest Sitting Bull. It was hoped to get him to come in quietly to the agency, and some of the Indian policemen were sent to bring him. The old man was getting ready to go with them when some of the Indians of his party taunted him with cowardice in yielding, and he shouted an order to fire. Two of the Indian policemen and Sitting Bull himself fell dead at almost the same instant, so none of the leading actors in the event could tell the complete story. It was several hours before the troops came up.

The frightened ghost-dancers took refuge in a remote part of the country, and a few days later the Battle of Wounded Knee took place. It was a battle in which the white soldiers, the same Seventh Cavalry to which Custer and his men had belonged, took a savage revenge for the wiping out of the Custer command fourteen years before. It is not a story we can think of with any pride; but at least we are glad to remember that it was the last real fighting between armed forces of Indians and of the United States. Since then, the greater number of the Indians have come to realize that the buffalo will never return and that the cities and railroads of the white man are in this land to stay. And the white man, for his part, has learned to be ashamed of adopting the cruel ways of untaught people. The Indian wars are over now; and both the Indians and the white men are learning to be more civilized in their ways.

There was a Sioux Indian boy, born more than sixty years ago in Minnesota, whose people fled away with him into Canada after one of the Indian uprisings. He was fifteen years old before he came back to this country and was sent by his father, who had become converted to the ways of the white man, to a mission school at Santee, Nebraska.

Here he made such progress that he was sent to other schools and colleges, graduating from Dartmouth College in New Hampshire and later from the medical school of the Boston University. That Indian, Dr. Charles A. Eastman, was helping his own people as a physician at Pine Ridge Agency at the time when the ghost-dance excitement was waking up the old rebellious spirit among the hostile members of his tribe.



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology
DR. CHARLES A. EASTMAN; "OHIYESA"
In Sioux costume.

Dr. Eastman's Indian name is "Ohiyesa," which means "the winner." It is a good name for a man who has come out of the wildest sort of life and has become a physician, lecturer, and writer well-known all over the country. His life shows how the splendid qualities that are in the Sioux can be developed so as to make them winners indeed.

ONE OF THE FIVE CIVILIZED TRIBES

When our country was young no one dreamed that it would grow so large. A hundred years ago railroads were only just beginning. The telegraph had not yet been invented. Such a thing as an automobile had scarcely been imagined. When people traveled it was by horseback or by wagon over rough roads. When they wished to send word to one another, the mail had to go in the same slow way, over the same rugged paths. Our great-grandparents would not have believed that it would be possible to journey all the way across this great continent in a few days, or to send a message across it in an hour or two. Yet these are only a few of the marvelous things that we see today.

When the colonists along the Atlantic coast began to be so many that they coveted the land over which the Indians roamed, they thought that it would be the easiest way out of a difficulty to send the Indians farther west, into the interior of the country. Far off in this land beyond the Mississippi, they thought, the white man would never wish to live. Nobody except the Indian would ever

want to visit it, to hunt the buffalo and other wild game. They could not imagine that the time would come when that country, too, would be filled with towns and cities, when railroads would cross it in every direction, when it would be the home of millions of people instead of herds of buffalo.

Thus a century ago the United States gave to various Indian tribes land in this Indian Territory, which is now the state of Oklahoma, and promised that it should be theirs forever. The Indians could govern it in their own way, and the white man should be forced to keep out. For a while this was true; but not for a very great while.

Some of the tribes who went to the Indian Territory were already past the old life of hunting and scalp-taking.



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

A CHEROKEE INDIAN

He is prepared to play Lacrosse, a game which the white man learned from the Indian.

Those who were first in the land and held the greater portion of the territory were, in fact, known as the Five Civilized Tribes, because they had lived among white people all through the colony days and had adopted many of the ways of civilization. These five were the Cherokees, Chocktaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Seminoles, all coming from the southeastern part of the United States. Of them the Cherokees were the leaders in many ways.

Indeed, the Cherokees had grown so much into the ways of white men, in their homes in Georgia and the Carolinas, that many of them protested against their removal to the Indian Territory, because they were quite through with the old Indian life and had no desire to return to it. On the other hand, there were some who had already gone ahead of them to the new country because they wished to go farther away from the cities of the white man.

Throughout the history of the Cherokee tribe we find them divided into disagreeing groups. There were those who went west early, before any treaty was made consenting to the removal. These took up land first in the Indian Territory, and did not wish to share it with the others when they came. Then there were those who refused to agree at all to the

treaty, but stayed behind, hidden in the mountains, and did not come out until years later. They then settled down in the east and are known as the Eastern Cherokees of North Carolina, where they live to this day.

Besides these two there was the main body of the tribe, which agreed in 1835, in a treaty made at New Echota, to leave the eastern mountains and travel out to a home in the west. The treaty was made at the very strong demand of the state of Georgia, which even refused to do what the Supreme Court had decided was right in the matter. It passed many laws which were harsh and cruel to the Cherokees in every way, and the inhabitants of the state were determined, it seemed, that none of the Indians should remain within its borders.

The reason for their cruelty was the same reason which has brought about so many cruel things in the world. Gold had been discovered in the Cherokees' mountain home, and gold is what men longed for most of all. To get it they were willing to forget all consideration for others, all justice and right. They were willing to trample on the Indians or any one else who stood in the way, even the Supreme Court. So the Cherokees had to go.

But before they left their homes in Georgia they

had shown themselves already a remarkable people, deserving in many ways to be termed civilized. These people were southern cousins of the Iroquois in the north, and must have had some of the same ability for organization. Like the northern League, too, they had been on the side of the British



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

WICHITA GRASS LODGE

during the Revolutionary War, and this of course added another reason why the white men of Georgia did not love them or wish to have them near. But from days before the Revolution they had been learning many lessons from the white man, and had living among them traders and missionaries who left a strong impression upon their race. They

saw that a written language was a great power among the settlers, and were alert enough to adopt one for themselves.

George Gist, or Guess, was the name of the man who invented the Cherokee characters which would make it possible to write their language. His Indian name was Sequoyah, and today we will find many societies of Indians calling themselves by that name in memory of his invention. In his honor, too, the big trees of California have been given the name of Sequoias. Gist had both an English and Indian name because he himself was of mixed blood, as so many of the Cherokees were, even in that early day. He spent many years in the study of the language and in the perfection of the characters which represent it. The less progressive of his people made great sport of him, but their names have long been forgotten, while his achievement will always be praised.

It was in 1821 that Sequoyah finally submitted his system of writing to the chiefs of the Cherokee Nation. They approved of it, and Cherokees everywhere set themselves to learning it. It is said that within a few months there were thousands who were able to read and write their own language. Newspapers followed a few years later. The

Cherokee Phoenix was the first Indian newspaper ever printed.

A picture of Sequoyah which was made in Washington, D. C., in 1828, looks more like that of a native of India than of a Cherokee. He wears a turban wound about his head, and is smoking a long, long pipe. In his hand he holds a tablet on which the Cherokee characters are engraved. Around his neck is hung the medal given to him by the Cherokee council in 1825, in recognition of his service to his people in developing a written language. Sequoyah had gone west with the "old settlers" and was in Washington, when the picture was made, to present to Congress their claims to be recognized. He was for a time a leader in the political life of his people, during the troubled days that followed the treaty of New Echota.

The disagreements between the different factions of the Cherokee people proved very difficult to settle. Those who had approved of the treaty and those who were against it came more than once to the point of bloodshed in their quarreling over the removal and over the possession of the new land. And as the United States had promised to allow them to govern their own country, there was no one who could step in to preserve peace.

During these years the principal chief of the Cherokee Indians was John Ross. He was considered a Cherokee Indian, although his father was an immigrant from Scotland, and his mother was



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

GEORGE GIST; "SEQUOYAH"
Inventor of the Cherokee Alphabet.

only one-fourth Indian. But this was the way with many of the prominent men of this tribe. Even before the Revolutionary War most of them were no longer purely Indian. They were all the more ready to follow the plans of the white man because they were partly white men themselves. John Ross was the chairman of the convention which made a constitution for the Cherokee Nation, just as a constitution had been made for the United States. And when that constitution was put into effect, he was the head officer, corresponding to a governor. The name the Cherokees gave to this head office was Principal Chief.

John Ross was very active in introducing education among his people, and in spite of the troubles which they had in deciding which party should rule, they made progress in many ways. There were schools and newspapers in the Indian Territory, and farms were worked and homes built just as might have been done in any part of our land.

When the Civil War came on, the Cherokees took the side of the Southern states. This was partly because they were Southern people and slaveholders themselves, and partly because the forces of the Confederacy were so near and so powerful that the Indians were not strong enough to resist them.

The agent who had been in charge of their affairs with the United States gave his allegiance to the Confederacy, and came to them as the representative of the Southern cause. So it is not surprising that the Indians listened to him.

The years of the war were very hard ones for the Indians and for the Indian Territory. The land was within the borders of the Confederacy, and the Indians could no longer receive from the United States the rations and payments which they had been used to having. It would have been a great help to the Southern cause if the Indians of this land could have been kept in a continual state of warfare against the forces of the North. This could scarcely be brought about, but there was enough fighting to cause a great deal of trouble and loss, and much destruction of property all over the territory. In the end, after four years of warfare, the Northern troops were victorious, and the tribes of the Indian Territory one by one acknowledged their defeat.

So now there were new treaties to make, as treaties are always made at the end of any war. In its treaty with the Cherokee Nation the United States insisted that the Cherokees should set their slaves free and give them rights to land and prop-

erty within their borders. The Cherokees agreed to this unwillingly, and it was a long time before they really admitted the "freedmen," as those who had been slaves were called, to a share in the tribal lands.

After the Civil War came that time of development when railroads were being built across the plains. The Indian Territory was south of the sections where the building was the most active and where white settlement was coming so quickly. But it felt the change, too, in many ways. White neighbors were getting nearer all around their land, and the Indians of the plains, obliged to give up their roving lives, were finding homes in the Indian Territory, to the west of the Five Civilized Tribes and the others who had come there earlier.

During all these years, until the very end of the nineteenth century, any white man who came into the Indian Territory without permission from the tribal government was called "an intruder." The Indians were at liberty to force him to go away. They were in control of the country and could exclude whomever they wished. Nevertheless, a great many white men began to come into the country. Some of them had permission from the chiefs of the nation, while others were really in-

truders who were attracted there for various reasons. Then there were many others who were in one way or another related to the tribe; men who had married Indian wives, or who had been adopted into the nations, after a fashion of which the



SIOUX FALLS

A bit of Indian country in South Dakota.

Indians were very fond. When a complaint was made of any particular person, it was easy for him to claim that he was adopted or had married into one of the tribes; and it would be hard to prove that this was not so. So the situation became more and more confused every year. Indeed, by the time the "Dawes Commission" came to straighten out the land questions in the territory, there were said

to be three hundred thousand white residents within its boundaries, and only fifty-four thousand who were even partly Indian in blood.

This Dawes Commission—not the one of our day, but of more than twenty-five years ago—was named for Senator Dawes of Massachusetts, who for many years was deeply interested in all Indian questions and active in proposing and helping to pass laws which would be for the benefit of the redman. It was Senator Dawes who was the author of the law giving land to all the individual Indians, instead of letting the tribe as a whole own it. He thought, and many other friends of the Indians thought, that in this way, by taking care of his own farm, the Indian would learn more quickly to live and to support himself as the white man must do.

It was the business of the Dawes Commission to determine what people had a right to be on the rolls of the Indian tribes and to share in the Indian lands; and then to divide the lands fairly among these people. Two hundred thousand people claimed to be members of the Five Civilized Tribes, giving many different reasons, if they did not have an actual blood relationship; but when the Commission had heard all of them, it decided on a list of

a hundred thousand who were entitled to share in the land.

Some of the least progressive of the Indians did not wish this division of land to take place. Many of them had opposed the coming of the Commission at all; and indeed it had taken a long time to agree upon the work and settle down to it. But it was very plain to see that the white people were going to overwhelm the Indians here, if something was not done to give the lands to the Indians themselves, and to bring into the country the laws and courts of the white man, so that intruders would no longer be free to do whatever injustice they might plan.

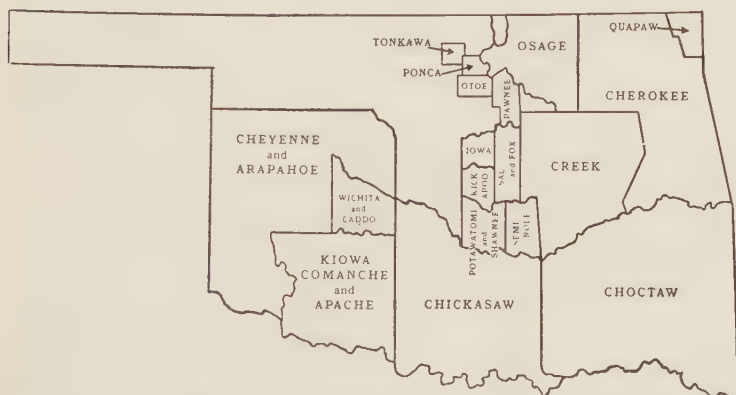
Meanwhile the western part of the country had been made into a regular territory of the United States, under the name of Oklahoma. It had been regularly opened to the white man in the days of President Benjamin Harrison, and there had been a great rush of white settlers to take up lands there as homesteads. The eastern part was still the Indian Territory, though not a territory in the ordinary sense of the word, with a governor appointed by the President, and a delegate to represent it in Congress, as Oklahoma had. In the Indian Territory there were the different tribal governments,

each with its chiefs and its council and its courts; but each was in control over only a part of the land, and none of them had any real power over the white men who came into the country, except to force them to go out again if they wished to do so. They had not wished to drive the white men out when they were few; and now that there were so many of them they would not have been able to do so if they had wished. In fact, it was never easy to tell which were citizens of the Indian tribes and which were not; and in time the Indian councils had given citizenship to so many white men that they outnumbered the Indians.

So for every reason it seemed best to bring this country, which was within the United States and yet outside of it, under the same rules as existed for other parts of the land. After many discussions, in 1907, the state of Oklahoma was admitted to the Union. There had been long disputes as to whether Oklahoma and the Indian Territory should come in as two separate states or should be joined together into a single state. It was finally decided to unite them, and the name of Oklahoma was given to the new state.

So it came about at last, in 1914, that the affairs of the Cherokee Nation were all settled. The land

had been given out to the different members of the tribe, forty thousand or more of them. The other property of the tribe had been divided among them. They had become citizens of the state of Oklahoma and of the United States and they no longer needed to be under the care of the Government, as so many



HOMES OF THE INDIANS IN OKLAHOMA

Indians still are. Their lands had been given to them under the guardianship of the nation, but now it is only in the case of a few that the guardianship still holds. Practically all the Cherokees are independent people, needing no treatment different from that which any of us receives.

Some of the lands which were allotted to members of the Five Civilized Tribes proved to be full of oil and minerals, and many of the Indians

became very wealthy. But it had so happened that the Cherokees had sold to the Osages that portion of their land which turned out to be full of oil. The land which they had kept did not prove so valuable, and the Cherokees as a whole were never so rich as the Osages, nor indeed as the Creeks or the others of the Five Tribes. Perhaps for this reason they have progressed all the faster. Since they did not have rich royalties coming in without any effort on their part, they saw the reason for making efforts for themselves, just as other people must do if they would survive. So they have engaged in the trades and professions and in business as other people do; have become so much a part of the usual life of the state that it is only by their black hair or their erect carriage, perhaps, that one would guess that they are of Indian blood. They are prominent in the life of their country. More than one of them has served in the House and Senate of the United States. Senator Robert Owen and Representative William W. Hastings are Cherokees who have thus represented their state.

In education, in ability, in readiness to learn new ways, the Cherokees have always been first among all the Indians of our land. When we speak of the Sioux and of the Navajos as the largest tribes of

Indians in the United States, we do so because the Cherokees, who are greater in numbers, are no longer a tribe, and no longer need to be thought of as needing help from the Government. The Indians are a proud race of people; but surely none of them have more reason to be proud than have the Cherokees.

THE RICHEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

Today we know the Osage Indians as the richest people in the world. In their land in northern Oklahoma are productive oil wells which bring many



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

AN OSAGE MAN

thousands of dollars each year to every man, woman, and child in their nation. Without any effort on their part, just because they were born into the Osage tribe, they have become possessors of all this wealth.

But the first reputation of the Osage Indians was for war instead of wealth. The way in which they have changed from a tribe of roving warriors to the people they are today is an interesting and unusual story.

The name Osage comes from the word these sav-

age tribesmen first used in describing themselves to the French traders who came their way. "Wazhazhe," or "warriors," they called themselves. They were of the same stock as the Sioux, brave, sturdy, and restless. They roamed the southern plains, however, along the Osage and the Arkansas rivers; while the Sioux proper were more often to be found in the north.

Until about fifty years ago, these tribes, with many others throughout the interior of the country, lived chiefly by hunting the buffalo. These great shaggy animals roved in huge bands across the plains. They traveled in the spring and the autumn, as the birds do. The Indian tribes accommodated themselves to the movements of the herds, for it was from the buffalo that most of their living was gained. The skins were used to make their tepees, sewed together with thongs and stretched upon poles of wood. Their clothes, too, were of the buffalo-hide. The coarse hair was woven into ornaments. The horns were made into spoons and drinking cups. Of the sinew were fashioned ropes and thread, and strings for their bows. And the meat, fresh when a "kill" was on, dried or "jerked" at other times, was their principal food the year round. It is not surprising that all these Indians

of the plains made the buffalo a part of their religious beliefs, and made a great ceremony out of hunting it each summer.

When these Indians were at peace, they used a sign language to communicate with one another. When they were at war, bows and arrows or guns and bullets carried a more dangerous message. They were more often at war than at peace; and the Osages were on the warpath as often as any of them. They were enemies of the Caddoes and of the Illini, up in the northern part of the country. They had helped the French by warring against the Sac and Fox warriors in the fighting around the fort at Detroit, in 1714. It is only when they are at war and making trouble for some other tribe that we hear of them at all. When they were quiet they were too far away to notice, in these early times.

In 1808 the Osages made a treaty in which they promised to remain at peace with the people of the United States. They said they would not go on the warpath, nor would they furnish guns or ammunition to any other tribe that might be at war with the white man. But it was only a few years later that this treaty was forgotten. Most of the tribes of the plains were allied with England in the sec-

ond war with the United States, from 1812 to 1815. So at the end of this war another council was held with the Osages. Treaty-making with Indian tribes always meant giving them supplies of food and clothing and utensils. In return for their promise not to rove over certain portions of the land, they would be paid sums of money at intervals. Usually these payments were made yearly, and were known as "annuities." There were annual payments of food and clothing, often, as well as of money. From the earliest of their dealings with the white man, the wild Indian tribes began to learn the lesson of dependence upon gifts and favors and payments.

The Osages, like other Indians, had an idea about land ownership which was a great deal different from that generally entertained by the white man. These red roving folk had no notion of settling down on one spot and claiming it as a private possession. They believed that the whole earth was theirs. The fruits of nature belonged to the people who would gather them, they reasoned. The buffalo belonged to those who could conquer it. The hunting grounds belonged to the tribe that was strong enough to keep all the other tribes away from it. But when a stronger tribe came along,

that tribe would become the owner so long as its strength was great enough to hold back its enemies.

But the white man thought of the land as a place to live on permanently. He wanted to build houses and barns and fences. He wanted to plant trees and to gather their fruits; to sow fields and to reap the harvests from them. He wanted the land to belong to him alone, so that he could give it to his children when he was gone. This is what he meant when he made a treaty with the Indian for some land. But the Indians could not understand this. They were glad to get the money and goods which the white men brought whenever a treaty was made, and each year afterward. But they did not realize what selling the land could mean. They had never thought it could be bought and sold.

So, while the Indians thought that the buffalo herds would always be tramping back and forth, and the land would always be their hunting ground, the towns and farms of the white men were getting nearer and nearer all the time. All the time the land which belonged to the Indian was growing less and less. Each treaty that he made gave more of it to the white man. The land reserved for the Indians began to be called "reservations." So the different tribes began to find that they must stay

on or near these reservations, because when they went far away, they found the white villages in the way of their hunting or their warfare.

The reservation which the Osage Indians made their headquarters was located in what is now the state of Kansas. While they did not stay here all the time, it was the point to which they came back after a battle or a hunt. But by the middle of the century white people began to come into Kansas in great numbers. In the years before the Civil War both North and South were anxious to colonize this part of the country and make it into a state. So the towns grew very rapidly, and the farms began to spread out all over the plains.

This was bad for the Indians in one way, for in the end it resulted in the killing of the buffalo. When the Civil War was over, railroads began to be built across the country, and the great gangs of men who leveled the lands and laid the rails did not let either buffalo or Indian stop them in their work. They fought off the hostile warriors, and they killed the herds of buffalo for food.

But in another way this great change brought help to the Indians. It made their lands much more valuable, so that the United States would pay them the more money for them. In 1872 the Osages sold

their Kansas lands to the Government for a sum that was large enough to start them on their road to wealth. In its place they bought lands farther south, in the Indian Territory. This land that was purchased had belonged to the Cherokee nation and was called the "Cherokee Strip." It had been intended for an outlet for the Cherokees, to be used if they wished to roam and hunt. But the Cherokees were by this time quite a settled people. They had no particular use for hunting grounds, and were willing to sell them for the Osages to live upon. Perhaps, if they had realized what rich oil wells were going to be opened there many years later, they would not have been so ready to sell the land for seventy cents an acre.

This is a very little sum for a country that is now bringing in millions of dollars' worth of oil every year. But the Osages thought it was a very high price. They complained bitterly that it ought not to cost more than fifty cents an acre. The Indian agent of the Government, in his report on their new home, said that no competent person would place on it any higher value than fifty cents an acre. He would be greatly surprised if he could see it today.

Even if the Osages had known at that time that

there was oil under the soil, it would have seemed to them a matter of very little importance. They had no idea what oil was nor how it could be of use to men. They were still quite as wild as they had ever been. Although there had been some schools and some missionaries among them, they were still completely indifferent to the ways of the white man. War and hunting were their regular occupations. In this very year of 1873, when they were complaining of the price of their new lands, they were having an encounter with the Wichita Indians, which showed how little they knew or cared about the ways of peace.

It was a belief of theirs that when a member of the family died, some sacrifice must be made. Until this was done, the spirit of the departed could not rest. Usually the sacrifice was made by killing some member of an enemy tribe. A young man, the son of one of the Osage headmen, lost his wife. So in order to appease the spirits, he led a party of young men to the plains to hunt for some one to be killed as a sacrifice. The Great Spirit, so the young man declared, led him to the salt plains. Here he found Es-ad-da-ua, the chief of the Wichita Indians, who was there on a buffalo hunt. The Osage party killed and scalped Es-ad-da-ua. Then they

returned to the reservation, and a scalp-dance of rejoicing was held, after their usual fashion.

The Wichita people, of course, did not like this so well as the Osages. In fact, there was grave danger of an outbreak of war between the two tribes. This was finally prevented by the payment of a large number of ponies and guns to the Wichita chiefs, to satisfy their wounded pride. Both tribes spent the season getting ready for war, and failed to do any of the farming the Government agents were trying to teach them. Work was for squaws, the men thought. They would rather take scalps and hold dances to exult in their prowess.

The strange thing about this story is that the young man who led the scalping party might very easily be living at this time. It all happened little more than fifty years ago, and there are many men of both the white and the red race who remember well days much earlier than this. If this scalp-taking warrior is still living in the land of the Osages, he must think with wonder of the many strange things that have happened in the half-century that has passed.

For changes began to come pretty fast about this time. The buffalo were getting fewer and fewer. Soon the Osages could no longer go out on the plains

to hunt. They would have to find their food in some other way.

The white people hoped that the Osages would learn to raise their food on the land. They had always had the idea that the Indians would learn to be farmers. But the mighty hunters and warriors did not easily forget their scorn of mere labor. Before long, as white people came more and more into the country, there were people who would offer to lease the lands for farming. They would pay the Osages for the privilege of using their fields. With the money from these leases and from the annuities that were paid him under his treaties, the Osage Indian soon discovered that he did not need to work. Even the work that was connected with the buffalo hunt was gone. But instead of learning new ways they liked to keep up the fashion of the old as much as they could. When some one died they could no longer go out and scalp one of their enemies. But they would hold a pretended scalp-dance just the same, and go through the same ceremonies. They built three or four round dance-houses on their reservation, and instead of living in the houses which white tenants had built for them, they would set up tepees or huts clustering around these dance-houses. Here they would live in dirty little vil-

lages, trying to pretend that they were still fighters and hunters of the buffalo.

Even before oil was discovered on their reservation the Osage Indians were a very rich people. Each man, woman, and child had about eight hundred acres of very desirable land. If this were in a



Photo by George Vaux, Jr.

OSAGE INDIANS AT DINNER

An outdoor eating shelter near Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

single piece it would be a mile wide and a mile and a quarter long. Or if in a city, it would be ten or twelve blocks square. All this had been bought from the Cherokees for seventy cents an acre, but it was already worth many times that amount. Besides this land, which brought in money when

rented to white men who farmed it, each member of the tribe received an annuity of about two hundred dollars a year from the United States Government. Altogether, they had enough so that there was no need for any of them to work. In the old days they had been obliged to hunt the buffalo if they wished to live. Now they had no necessity, and so they took up no active life in place of that which they had given up.

It was in 1906 that the land of the Osage Indians was divided among the different members of the tribe. This land was allotted after the same plan that had been followed with many different tribes. But by this time oil had been found in different parts of the Indian Territory, and it was thought that there would probably be some in the Osage country, too. So while the land was given to different individuals of the nation, it was decided that any oil that might be found would not belong to the owners of the land, but would be kept for the tribe as a whole. No matter who owned the land from which an oil well might gush up, the money which the well might produce would be divided equally among all the members of the tribe. For this reason all the Osages share equally in the great wealth which has come to them.

In the last few years it has been great wealth indeed. Each man, woman, and child has received as much as a thousand dollars a month. Some, children or grandchildren of those who were on the rolls in 1906, might inherit several shares from different members of the family. But even without any inheritance shares, a family of five would have an income of sixty thousand dollars a year. Among all the families of the United States the average income is between one and two thousand dollars a year. The Osage family would have more than thirty times as much. There has never in all the history of the world been an entire nation of people so rich as the Osage Nation.

But a thousand dollars a month cannot do as much for an Osage Indian as it can for one who has learned to feel the needs of civilized life. The old scalp-dancing Indians liked the excitement of war and hunting. They liked to feast heavily when the hunt was over. They liked the war-dance and the sun-dance and the smoke-dance. When tired out with dancing and feasting, they liked to roll themselves up in their blankets and sleep by the fire. Today they have no enemies to scalp and no buffalo to kill. For the rest of their pleasures a few dollars will serve as well as many. Because

they still love excitement, they buy many big and expensive automobiles and drive them as recklessly as they can. Because they love bright colors they buy gaudy blankets and wear them about their shoulders. They spend their money freely, wildly, constantly. Most of them manage to spend it all as fast as it comes to them. But they buy with it very few of the things that make life pleasant for cultivated people. They have not yet learned to want such things as books and art. They have not even learned to want such simple things as sanitary homes and healthful methods of living. They are still at heart very much what they used to be, though the outer circumstances of their lives have changed so greatly.

This is, of course, not so true of those Osage Indians who have some white blood in them. These have learned something of the ways of the white man and in some cases are living as white men do. Many of those who are more white than Indian have left the reservation entirely. You may find them traveling in California or in other parts of the country, enjoying their wealth in going from place to place.

Not many of the Osages have very much of the blood or the ways of white men, however. A third

of the two thousand members of the tribe have no white blood whatever, and many more only a slight degree. Among these the greater number are quite illiterate. They cannot or will not speak the English language. So they have no way of protecting themselves and learning the value of the money they spend so carelessly. Their children, if they go to school at all, go very irregularly. They are doing very little toward learning to be any wiser than their parents have been before them.

And yet the time is coming when the Osage Indians will have to learn to take care of themselves and of their money. Every one knows that oil wells do not last forever. Some day the great flood of wealth will die down. The income of the Osage Indians will grow smaller and smaller, until they are rich people no longer. Still harder for them to realize is the fact that the Government cannot always take care of their lands and their money for them. Congress made laws that put the land in trust for a certain period of years. When this period is over the Osage Indians will have to take care of their own affairs. They will no longer be able to depend on "The Great White Father in Washington" to look after everything for them. They will have to be a great deal wiser than they are now,

if they are to take care of themselves and their money properly.

Not long ago an Osage boy was impatient because the engine of a railway train stood in his way as he was driving along. So he deliberately drove his big expensive automobile into the train. It was the third automobile he had bought and wrecked



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

POTTERY-MAKERS OF THE SOUTHWEST

Women of the pueblos make the pottery and baskets.

that year. He was taken to the police judge and was told that he could not drive his own car for a year. For all that year he had to go around with a hired chauffeur.

There is no need for any boy, white or red, to

look upon such a boy as this with envy. Any lad who has a bicycle of his own, which he must take care of and repair if necessary, is far better off. He has as much enjoyment now, and is preparing to be a happier as well as a more useful man later on. He knows better how to use and appreciate what he has. He is learning to find new ways of enjoyment for later years. The Osages are the richest people in the world, so far as money goes. But in real happiness, and in their ways of living, most of us would think them very poor indeed.

ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

The story of Ben Hur, which has been read by thousands, even millions of people, describes the country of Palestine, in Asia Minor, in a way which is said to be remarkably true. And yet the author, General Lew Wallace, was not looking at the Holy Land when he wrote descriptions of it in his book. Instead, he was in the southwestern part of our own country, acting as governor of what was then the Territory of New Mexico. From the windows of the Governor's Palace in Santa Fé he looked out upon the plaza which stands in the center of that old Spanish town, and could easily fancy that he was seeing some town in Syria.

There are a number of reasons why these places might be thought alike. Both are dry sandy countries, in which the skies are very blue and the sun very bright. More than this, when the Spaniards came to America they brought with them animals which they had first found in the Holy Land, in the days when the knights of European countries went on Crusades to win Jerusalem away from the Mohammedans. So General Wallace saw burros plodding patiently about the streets of Santa Fé as they

might have been doing at the same time along the roads of Palestine, patiently carrying loads of sticks gathered for burning. And on the slopes beyond the town there might be herds of sheep whose ancestor-sheep had come over with the *conquistadores* of Spain, three centuries ago.

Although the first pueblo, or village, visited by the Spaniards was one of those inhabited by the Zuñi Indians, and even these Indians were a long journey from their settlements in Mexico; yet when they decided to take a permanent location in this country they went on still farther to the north and east and set up a capital of New Mexico along the course of the river which they called the "Great River of the North,"—"Rio Grande del Norte." At first the headquarters of their government was at San Juan; but before long they came down to the site of the present capital, which they called "Villa Real de Santa Fé de San Francisco"—a large name indeed for a city that is even yet not very large.

And so it happens that the influence of the Spaniards, and especially of the Spanish priests, was strongest in these villages along the Rio Grande River and the streams that were tributary to it. Here they persuaded or forced the Indians to gather together from many towns into a few. And

here they taught, or obliged, them to labor more earnestly than they wished to do. And from them, along these valleys, they took taxes to give to the Spanish king and to help maintain the soldiery, and to buy bells and crosses for the adobe churches they were told to build.

Now while the Indians of the pueblos were a peaceful people in the main, they did not like to give up all their old ways and to accept the ways of the foreign conquerors. They had never known the need of a king or emperor in their own land, and could not understand the need of sending their corn and turquoises and skins to distant lands to please a far-off ruler whom they should never see. There was a great deal of murmuring, through many years; but it was generations before they all could combine to drive out the invader. Each village spoke a different language; they had no way of writing messages; they had not been used to acting together and had no head to direct them: so many different attempts ended in failure.

Their big rebellion, in 1680, ended in failure, too, at last; but in the beginning they succeeded in driving out the Spaniards, killing about one-third of all the white men among them, and sending the rest on a long retreat back down the Rio Grande to the

place where the city of El Paso now stands. The Indians were elated at their victory. They burned the churches and all the records, including the royal decrees that had been meant to keep the Spaniards from molesting the pueblos. They forbade the use



ANCIENT SPANISH ADOBE CHURCH
At the Pueblo of Santa Ana, New Mexico.

of the Spanish names with which they had been baptized, and gave their people a ceremonial bath in yucca suds to wash out all the effects of baptism. They were going back to their old ways, forgetting those of the invader.

The leader of the rebellion was named Popé. He had directed their actions from Taos, the pueblo farthest to the north of them all. Runners had

gone out from there to all the villages along the river, and even far to the west, to the Zuñi and the Hopi Indians, so that for once they could all act together. These runners carried a knotted string to tell them when to rise against their rulers. Each day a knot was untied, and when the string was free from knots they were to know that the day had come. The plot leaked out, however, and so they had to strike three days ahead of their plan. It was successful, just the same, and Popé was the ruler of a rejoicing band of Indians.

But when Popé began to take on the ways of an emperor, his people did not like to pay tribute to him any better than they liked to yield to the Spaniards. They found that he could be as hard a master as the outsiders had been. And now the wilder tribes of Indians learned that the Spanish soldiers were withdrawn, and they came swooping down to seize a share in the crops and flocks of the pueblo folk. So altogether things did not go well with them in their freedom.

In a few years the Spaniards were back again, and the Indians were reconquered. They were not treated so severely after this, however, and perhaps things went a little better with them because of their brief period of rebellion.

Indeed they have lived peaceably ever since, in these villages along the Rio Grande. The Mexican government succeeded that of Spain; and after the Mexican kingdom and the Mexican republic came the rule of the United States. But the Indians of the pueblos did not join in any of these changes. They lived and worked in their quiet towns and paid very little attention to the world outside.

There are seventeen of these Rio Grande pueblos today. There are several different languages spoken in the different towns; some absolutely different in every way, others that are dialects of the same stock. In some of these villages there are scarcely a hundred inhabitants; in others there are a thousand or more. Each has its separate government, its own customs.

There is a governor for each pueblo, and a council; but more powerful than these is the cacique, or priest, who often casts the deciding vote for the other offices. But each of the governors treasures two canes as his insignia of office; and when he is succeeded by another governor, the canes are handed over to show where the power lies. One of these canes came to the pueblo in the days of Spanish rule, as an indication that the Spanish king recognized the authority of the local officer. When the

United States took charge of the land and learned of this custom, it was decided to make the same recognition on the part of the United States, so each of the pueblo governors received a cane from the



THE BEST-KEPT HOUSE IN ISLETA

The Pueblo woman who lives in this house (center of group) has had it fitted with wire screens. At the left is the interpreter and at the right is the author of this book.

President, Abraham Lincoln, with his name and an inscription engraved on the silver handle. These canes have been treasured very reverently by the Indians ever since. The reason for these canes is that these Indians have no written language and no records, and there must necessarily be some

symbol of office and authority to show who has been chosen to be the headman of the pueblo.

Since the United States found these Pueblo Indians peaceable, living quietly in their own homes and supporting themselves, it has never had to send soldiers to them, or make treaties of peace. Instead, it has sent them implements for farming; and has established schools for the children to attend. Often these schools have not been very welcome; for these people are still very unwilling to change their old ways, as they were in the days when the Spaniards were ruling them. But they learn readily when they make up their mind to do so, and are good farmers and housewives in the new ways when they can be persuaded to change.

They have changed more in this part of the country than among the Zuñi and the Hopi peoples, because there have always been more strangers among them. Spanish or Mexican villages are close to nearly every one of the Indian pueblos. In the old days they had to be close together, so that they might defend one another when wild bands of roving Indians fell upon them. So we find most of these Indians speaking the Spanish language, practically all of them members of the churches of the Spanish-speaking people, and all showing in many

ways the effects of the many long centuries of this companionship.

Indeed, some of the Indian villages have ceased to be Indian any longer, but have become "Mexicanized," as the saying goes. They have stopped giving the old Indian dances and fiestas, have stopped having a tribal government, and their sons and daughters have married the Spanish-speaking American people until no one can say which are Indian and which non-Indian. One or two towns have given up their Indian identity in this way, within the memory of people now living; and many more must have done so in earlier times. The pueblo people do not like change, but change will come to them as it comes to every one.

You might spend a long summer traveling from one of these Indian villages to another, seeing the different dances and fiestas with which they make merry. Even though they go to the Christian church when Sunday comes, as soon as the service is over they are ready for a dance to propitiate the old gods in whom they still believe, along with the new. There are different sorts of ceremonies at each village; and as Indians like to journey from place to place, there is always an audience for these ceremonies. Indeed, the descendants of the wild

tribes that used to harry the pueblos, Apaches now living on reservations in other parts of the state, come to the fiestas and are made welcome; though the Indian of the pueblos still shudders when he hears the name Apache, which meant such terror and destruction to his ancestors.



PUEBLO OF TAOS

Nestling against the United States Mountains in New Mexico.

But you may not have so much time to spare as the Apache family that takes its camping outfit from village to village, so a glimpse of two or three of the villages will have to be sufficient. Taos is the one farthest to the north, and the one that has always had the closest contact with the wild tribes.

Many effects of this contact can be seen; the Indians are taller and more warlike than those of other pueblos, and their customs resemble in some ways those of the Utes, with whom they did much trading in the older days. Taos pueblo is in two parts, one lying on each side of a small stream that is tributary to the Rio Grande. It is one of the few pueblos left that have many stories. The brown houses rise in terraces, sometimes five or six stories high. Not far from the pueblo is the village of Fernandos de Taos, where Kit Carson spent the last years of his life, and in whose cemetery he is now buried. Kit was Indian agent for the Government during these years, and was in charge of some Ute bands and a band of Jicarilla Apaches, who wandered through this section and would come to him here for the regular issues of food or money made to them by the Government. The Jicarilla Apaches are more settled now, on a tract of land in northwestern New Mexico, where they have fine flocks of sheep; and the Utes are still farther away, in southwestern Colorado, or in Utah. But in the old days they and the Indians of Taos were neighbors if not friends.

Much farther south, below the city of Santa Fé, is the pueblo of Santo Domingo. Its name, which

in English means "Holy Sabbath," was received from the Spaniard; but on the whole the people of this pueblo have been particularly unwilling to accept anything from outsiders. They have always had an especially unfriendly attitude toward the white man; and it is said that when the United States was at war with Germany the council of Santo Domingo met and declared war on the side of Germany, against the United States. They were wise enough to do no more than declare it, and did not prepare to send out any army or navy. So the army of the United States probably did not discover that they were at war at all with this little nation of a thousand people.

Still farther south is the city of Albuquerque. Both here and at Santa Fé there are big boarding schools, maintained by the Government, and others that are mission schools, to which the children of the pueblos may go when they have finished the course at the day school located near their own homes. There are hundreds of brown-faced, black-haired boys and girls studying at these schools, learning various trades and arts in addition to history, geography, arithmetic, and the rest.

Beyond Albuquerque are some of the larger pueblos. "Isleta," which is the Spanish word for "a

small island," and "Laguna," which means "lake" or "lagoon," make one think of a much more watery country. But the islet upon which the first pueblo was once built is no longer used, as the location of the village was changed at the time of the Pueblo rebellion. And Laguna's lake was only a small pool, in the beginning. The two towns, however, are more flourishing than many of the smaller villages. Laguna in particular is spreading out into a number of different settlements, wherever its people find good land for farming. All through this country the Indians irrigate their lands with water from the Rio Grande. Some of the irrigation systems have been made or improved for them by the Government; while in some places they are using the old ditches that were laid out many years ago, before the United States reached so far as this country. All the men of the pueblo must spend a certain amount of time each year in the work of digging and repairing these ditches; this is one of the rules which the cacique makes and enforces.

And last of all we come to Acoma, the "city in the sky." Here is a town built as an eagle might have built his nest, high up on the top of a steep cliff to which one must climb by way of footholds cut in the rock. The inhabitants of the town of Acoma,

today, are apt to have wandered away to other places. Acomita, or little Acoma, is a village where many of them live and work; and still another settlement bears the less poetic name of McCarthy's. But they still call Acoma, the rock city, their home, and will come back to it whenever they are not at work in their fields or not employed by the railroad. These pueblo folk are busy and thrifty; and are near enough to the works of the white man to take part in them and profit by their labors.

When you pull yourself, panting and weary, up the last high rocky step to the top of the rock, you will find that some of the people of Acoma have come to greet you. In fact, they have a letter for you to read. This letter tells you that you are expected to pay the people of the rock a toll for coming up there to see them. You give them the price they ask, and then you may walk as you please about the narrow streets of the little village.

The houses are of stone, but the church which is at the edge of the cliff is of adobe bricks. Many years ago, when the Spaniards ruled the land, the Indians toiled up that steep cliff, bringing on their backs the earth and the water necessary to build that house of prayer. Even the churchyard in front of it was brought up load by load, for there

is very little beside rock elsewhere in the tiny village.

Inside that church is a famous picture, a painting of Saint Joseph which, it is said, the king of Spain, in 1629, gave to the priest in charge of the mission, Fray Juan Ramirez. It was such a marvelous picture, the Indians believed, that it would defend them against war and pestilence and drought. The Indians of Laguna believed this too, and as they coveted such a miraculous helper they came secretly and stole it away from the people of Acoma.

For a half century there was dissension and trouble between the two villages, each striving for the possession of this treasure; and in the end, when it had been decided that Acoma was to have it and keep it, the story is told that the picture itself came from Laguna to meet them, without human hands to bring it.

But one may hear many wonderful tales from these pueblo folk. The people of Taos have a legend of an old cacique who was given wise advice by an eagle who told him to remove his people to another home. After they reached the Rio Grande the eagle itself guided them to their present home, dropping on the way a feather which they cher-

ished for many years in the sacred kiva of the pueblo. Some of their people, who did not obey their feathered counselor, but remained behind, were driven away from their old home by the dreaded hordes of the Apache. They wandered helplessly to the south and finally came upon a little island in the river, upon which they built their new home. And it is true that the people of Isleta, whose earlier village was on an island, know and tell this same story of the eagle guide; and their language is in some ways much like that of the people of Taos, though the many pueblos lying between these two speak very different tongues from theirs. In all these old stories there is some little spark of reality, so that one can never be quite sure what is sober truth and what is fable.

Not far from Acoma stands a rocky height about which so many of these fables have been woven that it is called "The Enchanted Mesa." From a distance it looks like a mighty fortress. It rises up clear from the surrounding plain, so sheer and steep that few have reached the top. The sunlight falls on it, and now and then a fleecy cloud sends a shadow down. Perhaps the eagles have their nest here, where man cannot reach them. What there may be on the top of those rocky towers, gleaming

in the sunlight, we cannot guess. The Indians say that there was once a way of going up and down this cliff, and that a village was located there. Then came a storm or upheaval which changed the face of the rock, so that no one could go up or



THE ENCHANTED MESA

down any more. The inhabitants of the village, unable to come down to get water or to reap their fields, faced starvation, or threw themselves from the cliff in desperation. The people below watched the last of them perish, but knew of no way to help them.

Some of the inventions of today seem almost as miraculous as the fables which the old Indians tell

to the young by the evening firelight. Perhaps some day an airplane will make a landing on that long unvisited rock. It may be that the newcomers will find there only stones and soil, the nests of the eagle or the trails of wild creatures who can climb more swiftly and surely than man. But it may happen that they will find there something that shows a trace of man—broken pieces of pottery, signs of long-ago building. Those who are skilled in reading such symbols can learn a whole story from such things as these. From them, they will learn whether or not there have ever been men or the habitations of men on the top of that enchanted rock. They will learn whether there is a little core of truth in the center of the miraculous story that has grown up. For stories grow in this way, one fancy after another wrapping itself around a little fact that is soon quite hidden.

Before you go away from the city in the sky you will perhaps want to buy a piece of pottery to carry away with you as a reminder. The party which met you at the top of the rocky stair has been following you around as you go between the houses and across the open spaces. Some of the women and children have pottery to sell to visitors, and one woman who has been near your elbow all the time,

is balancing a large tray of it on her head. She looks like a picture indeed, in her short dress of black and white, her gleaming white buckskin leggings, with silver bracelets on her arms and with her straight walk that shows how used she is to carrying heavy burdens poised easily on top of her thick black hair. She is greatly pleased when you buy one of her jars; and you are pleased, too, but have some misgiving for fear you will break it when you have to scramble down the high rocky steps.

Before you say "adios" to her you ask her name. Surely it will be a soft name in



MRS. FRANK JOHNSON OF ACOMA

musical Spanish, to match the stories you have been hearing and the pictures you have seen. But a surprise awaits you. She has a name that has never come from either Indian or Spanish country. She is Mrs. Frank Johnson.

When you toil down the rock again a little Indian boy follows. He came down to meet you when you first arrived. He makes the double ascent and descent as easily as you would mount the steps of your home. This climb which takes your breath away does not slacken his pace, "Practice makes perfect," is what his quick little steps seem to say.

VILLAGE FOLK

The village, or pueblo, in which the Zuñi Indians live is only forty-five miles from the town of Gallup, New Mexico, on the main line of the Santa Fé Railroad; but to travel across these miles is like



PUEBLO OF ZUÑI, NEW MEXICO

The bed of the Zuñi River, mostly dry, is in the foreground.

making a journey into a different world. These little brown people talk, dress, and live differently from any other people we shall find in all our travels.

This is a dry country. There is very little rainfall, and the rivers are few. The Zuñi River has a

wide sandy bed. But for the greater part of the year this bed is by no means covered with water. Sometimes it scarcely seems wet; except that down the middle of the wide sandy stretch a shallow stream wanders lazily. When the Zuñi women bring their big jars down to get water for household use, or to water their little gardens, they find it no trouble at all to cross the river without wetting their feet. The bridge is for time of storm, or for the teams and burros.

The pueblo of Zuñi lies on both sides of the river. From a distance it looks as if the brown houses were many stories high. It seems so mainly because they are built on the side of a hill. In reality few have more than two stories; and most have but a single story. The Zuñi have been at peace so many years now that they no longer have any need to make their houses into fortresses, as they did in the days when the wilder roving tribes were such a constant danger.

The adobe bricks of which their houses are built are made of the earth all about them. Water is used to moisten the mass, straw helps to hold it together, and heat bakes it firm. Before white men came to this land there was no wheat, and so no straw. Twigs and brush and mud were combined

to form building material; but it was the Spaniards who taught Zuñi folks to make the adobes as they use them today. And now, from the factories of white people, they buy the doors and windows which they set in the adobe walls. For the roofs, they have huge log beams, with more of the earth for covering. If this were not a very dry land, such houses would be inclined to melt away. But there is no more than a fourth as much rain in this land as there is in the middle west or the eastern part of the country; so the houses stand firm through the seasons, and with a reasonable amount of repair they may last for many years. The women of the family own the houses and care for them. They renew every spring the outer coating of earth which is spread over all the walls, inside and out. Sometimes these outer coats are colored; and inside they are apt to be white. After a spring cleaning the homes of the Zuñis look very attractive.

These brown houses are huddled close together, but not so thickly as in the villages to the east, along the Rio Grande. The Zuñis, ever since a dam was made for them about twenty years ago, in order that they might irrigate their lands, have been quite prosperous. So they have more rooms, and larger rooms in each house, than any of the other

pueblo Indians. But in their village the streets are narrow and dirty, and one house is as close to the next as if this were a large crowded city instead of a small village many miles away from any other settlement.

In the low parts nearest the river are the little gardens which the women own and tend. These gardens are laid out in tiny squares, with tiny earth walls made about each square, so that the water put in that particular spot will stay there and feed whatever is planted in it. From a distance these many little squares look like a large waffle-iron, or perhaps a cross-word puzzle in brown and green.

Near the stream, too, are the corrals where the burros, horses, and other animals are kept when they are not at work. These corrals are simply squares a bit larger than the tiny gardens, surrounded with poles or saplings driven into the ground close together, so that none of the four-footed creatures may escape. There is no roof for their protection. When a Zuñi Indian builds a corral for his horses, he says he is "planting trees." But these trees never put out any new leaves and branches, standing bare and dead in the brilliant sunshine. Yet they are the only trees to be found in Zuñi pueblo.

The houses are close beside the corrals, as the corrals are close beside the water supply; for the Zuñi Indian has not yet learned that it is good for his health to spread out his different buildings and to keep waste matter and decaying things away from the stream.

The fields where the men work are some little distance away from the houses where they live. These Pueblo Indians of the southwest are almost the only tribes of the country in which the men are busy with agriculture. In other sections, when corn and beans were raised, it was the work of the women to plant and to reap and to care for the crop. Here, the women have little gardens for the smaller products; but the big crops are planted and irrigated and cared for by the men.

Twenty-five years ago, the only kind of wagon the Zuñi people knew had solid wooden wheels, cut from the trunk of a tree as wheels were cut in the days when the Spaniards first came over to the New World. The Zuñi people had seen very few white people then, and were not at all friendly to those whom they did see. They wanted to be left alone with their dry bare lands and their old ways of tilling them.

But the better-trained eye of the white man saw

that up the valley of the Zuñi River was a splendid site for building a big dam, which would store up the flood-tide waters of the river and keep them for use in the seasons of drought. With this dam, and with irrigation ditches leading from it to the fields, the Zuñi would not have to suffer during a dry season. So the United States Government sent in its engineers to plan and build the dam. They paid the Indians for working on it, and the dam was a present to the Zuñi people when it was completed. At first the Zuñi people were unwilling to work, even though they were poor, and the pay was much more than they could get otherwise. They were sure that new ways could not be good ways. But soon they learned that if they did not work at the dam, other people would. Their neighbors the Navajos were always very glad of the chance to earn some money. So the Zuñis, unwilling to see the Navajos take their places, consented to help in the big work.

The great need of that desert country is water. Both the Indian and the white man have always known this. But the Zuñi way of getting water is to hold a ceremonial dance and ask the rain-god to send showers upon the land. The white man's way is to store up the water when it comes and keep it

until he needs it. After the dam was done there was still need to persuade the Zuñi to make use of the water. He had to learn how to use the irrigation ditches and to keep them ready for use.

The Zuñi people are good irrigation farmers now, but they still hold rain-dances and ceremonies, just the same. Every summer, when the dry season is about to break up with the only period of rainstorm that arid country knows, they have a great ceremony to ask the spirits for rain. They plant little prayer-plumes on the hillsides and along the ways; they scatter cornmeal over which the priests of the tribe have said an incantation; and after nine days they hold a ceremonial dance. They keep on dancing until at last the rain comes.

But in spite of all this dancing for rain, when they go out to their fields they turn in the water from the irrigation ditches and are glad to see it moistening the thirsty soil. It is the Black Rock Dam, four miles away up the river, that has made the Zuñi a prosperous people instead of the very needy folk they were when they depended on dancing alone and had no irrigation ditches.

But they are very fond of old ways still. When the dam was built there was also a mill placed there, and it was thought that the women would be

glad to bring their corn to the mill to be ground for them. But very few have yet learned to do this, and in every Zuñi home you will still see the stones on which the women grind the meal, fixed in three troughs on the floor beside the wall. Before the grinding stone the housewife kneels, and with a smaller stone in her hand she grinds the corn finer and finer. It is a hard task, and the Zuñi woman spends many hours in such labor. But it is hard to persuade her to try the white man's way of making the corn into meal. All their bread is made of this meal from the many-colored corn. It is usually very gray and soggy when it is ready to eat.

Zuñi women and girls work very hard. They plant and water their gardens, they work hard bending over the corn-grinder stones; and after the corn is made into meal they must knead the bread. Besides this, they must keep their houses and ovens in repair. They make the household jars and pots, fashioning them of clay, adorning them with gay designs, and baking them in the ovens. They must bring the water they use, in these great jars, which they balance on their heads as they walk along the narrow Zuñi streets. Until recently water has always been so scarce that we do not wonder that they use very little of it.

The Zuñi people do not usually weave their own clothes, but buy the black wool garments that the women wear from their cousins the Hopi Indians, to the west, in Arizona. It is a straight dress, like two towels fastened together along the sides. The corners are fastened above one shoulder, but pass under the arm on the other side. Under this the Zuñi woman wears a dress of white cotton, with lace and embroidery, sometimes of her own making. About her shoulders is a light silken shawl of bright colors. Strings of bright turquoise or of silver hang about her neck; silver bracelets with turquoises set in them adorn her arms. Her straight black



ZUÑI GIRLS

Teachers in the Government day school.

hair is cut across her forehead and beside her ears, but in the back a long braid is wrapped up into a thick club. Her dress is about knee-length, and below it she wears leggings of wool or buckskin. On her feet she wears shoes bought in the trader's store, instead of the moccasins of an earlier day; for the Zuñi women have no heights to climb and do not need the more pliant foot-covering. So we see in her dress, as well as in her life, a strange mixture of old things and new things.

A look at a Zuñi baby would surprise and almost frighten you. Often the poor little creature has its face smeared with gray wood ashes. This gets into the baby's eyes, and makes them smart; and it gets into little cuts and sores and makes them much sorer. But Zuñi mothers and fathers think this keeps evil spirits away from the child, even if it does hurt him and make him cry.

Centuries ago the Zuñi had seven villages. "The Seven Cities of Cibola," the Spaniards called them; and they went seeking these cities, which were supposed to be very important and very rich, all over this desert country. The first village they found was one called Hawikuh, about twenty miles from the place where Zuñi village now stands. It is long since deserted and the drift of soil and vegetation

had covered it completely over. But scientists found it and for many years have worked to excavate it and to bring to light the old walls and rooms and to learn from them all they could of the old life of the people. Here we see the walls built of small flat stones, the narrow rooms, the fragments of pottery that show how they worked with clay long ago. And in each of the lost and rediscovered villages is at least one kiva, or underground room, in which they held ceremonials and made incantations of various sorts.

All these things men learn from studying the things that were left behind by these Indians long since dead. They could hand down no history for us to read, because they had no written language. But they left a prehistory written in stones and jars, in trails and burying places. And Hawikuh was the meeting place of prehistory and history itself, for it was here that the Zuñi Indians saw the first foreign explorer and promptly made an end of him.

Oddly enough, this first outsider was neither Spanish nor white, but a Barbary negro slave named Estevan, who went in advance of a priest called Fray Marcos, hunting for the famous Seven Cities. Estevan grew very proud as he went on

through the country, taking tribute from the Indians; but the Zuñi were not concerned about his pretense at being a god or a king. They very quickly proved that he was mortal. So when Fray Marcos came following on, learning from Indian runners of Estevan's party what had been the fate of the negro, he was content merely to look upon Hawikuh from a distance and to return to Mexico City without having determined whether it was full of gold and precious jewels, as the stories had led men to believe.

But after all, these Seven Cities of which such marvelous tales were told were only little huddles of Indian houses, built close together for protection against marauding bands. The Spaniards could never find the emperors and kings, the treasure houses and diamond mines, that they always believed they would see just a little farther on in the wilderness.

The people of Zuñi have four villages now. Their reservation, a large stretch of land given them by the United States, has other streams where the land may be tilled; and so in Ojo Caliente, in Nutrias, and at Rio Pescado there are settlements of houses like those at Zuñi itself. But when winter comes, and the harvests have all been gathered

in, most of the inhabitants of these villages come in to the larger village of Zuñi, so that they may join in the community dances and ceremonials they love so well.

For the Zuñi, the great event of the year is the Shalako dance, which takes place early in Decem-



INDIAN HOUSE AT OJO CALIENTE

This is one of the offshoots of Zuñi pueblo. Stones leaning against the house were taken from the excavations of a prehistoric pueblo.

ber. In every Zuñi house, hanging up in the rafters, you may see a strange mask, or a queer box-shaped affair big enough to go over a man's head, with fierce features painted in bright colors upon it. These are the masks worn by the Shalako dancers when they come down from Corn Mountain to the village.

This sacred mountain used to be the site of old Zuñi pueblo. It was their stronghold when the pueblo Indians rose against the Spaniards and drove them away from their land, many years ago. And to a knoll in sight of this mountain the old sun priest of the Zuñi goes every morning to pray the sun up; for the Zuñi worship the sun and believe that it would not keep its appointment to rise in the morning if they did not do their share to make it faithful. And from this mountain, they say, the spirits come down to the December dance.

These spirits are really men of the Zuñi tribe, dressed in the masks we have seen. But the women and children are supposed to believe that they are not men, but visitors from another world. When the boys are growing up they are told by the men of the tribe the secret of the Shalako dancers, and that they are really men. Then the boys are soundly whipped, so that they will not tell the secret to anyone. When a Zuñi boy has had this ceremonial whipping, he is considered a man. The smaller children love to draw pictures of the Shalako masks and to talk about the days when the dancing goes on; but they know that it is make-believe, just as white children soon begin to suspect that Santa Claus does not come from the North Pole.

For the Zuñi children are going to school and are learning a great many things that their grandparents never could imagine. There are two mission schools and a Government day school in Zuñi village itself; and in these three the smaller children learn to read and write English, and to do



RUINED SPANISH CHURCH, ZUÑI

This church is over 300 years old. The square in front of it is the town burying ground.

many different things. Four miles away, not far from the big dam which brings so much that is good to the Zuñi people, is the boarding school where the older children are taught and cared for. Here the girls learn to cook and sew, and the boys to farm after the fashion of the white man, so that their

lives, when they return to the village, may be cleaner and healthier. In lessons they go as far as the sixth grade; and if there are any who want to go on still farther, they may go to the bigger boarding schools at Albuquerque or Santa Fé, where they can progress as far as the tenth grade; and in addition may choose a trade to learn.

Many of the boys and girls like the ways of the white man; but when they are through with school and return to the village, they find it very hard to keep the new ideas. The mothers tell the young wives that ashes must be put on the babies' faces, though the girls have learned that it is better to be clean than to be dirty. The sun priest and his men insist that the prayer plumes must be planted and the sacred meal scattered, though they all know very well that irrigation has done for their fields what rain-dances never have done and never could do. But it is very hard for Indian young people to stand out against the old ways. All through the years whatever they know has been told by the old to the young, for they have had no books to give them learning, and have received their wisdom by word of mouth. Indian old people have much more power than the old people in a white community.

In time the new ways will be accepted, but it will

be after long contest with the old. Zuñi boys and girls today are living in a strange world, with ideas and habits of centuries ago, and ideas and inventions and products of today unsettling the earlier ones. But they have already found some of the new things good and helpful, and in time they will feel the same way about many other things.



A MAN OF THE ZUÑI TRIBE

THE LAND OF THE SNAKE-DANCE

In northern Arizona the Colorado River, on its way down to the Gulf of California, cuts through the rocks a deep gash that is known as the Grand Canyon. Its immense size and depth, the steepness of the canyon walls, the brilliant colors of the rocks, all combine to make it one of the great natural wonders of the world. The Hopi Indians say that their ancestors used to live on the inside of the earth, and came up to the surface through this remarkable chasm.

However, we do not find them living on the banks of the river now, but in a dry sandy country to the east, in what the Spaniards used to call the Province of Tusayan. Engineers have not found a way here to store water as they did for the Zuñi at Blackrock Dam, so it is a land of scanty crops. Year by year the Government engineers add wells and improve the few springs that are found here, so as to make it a little more comfortable.

You must travel many miles from a railroad to find Hopiland. As you drive across the sandy plains you will see high cliffs of rock against the blue sky. These cliffs are flat on top like a table;

and we have learned to use for them the Spanish name "mesa," which means a "table." And up on these mesas the Hopi Indians long ago built little villages.

You must look sharp to see the rocky houses, for they look like part of the cliff itself, until your eyes are used to finding them. And you must be a good climber to reach them, too, for the trails leading to the top are steep, and the rocks sharp, and the way is easier for a soft moccasin than for a shoe of stiff leather.

Before you reach the mesa, though, you will be fortunate if you do not have to get out and help push your automobile through the deep sand. The "wash" which you are crossing is sometimes, when there is a rainstorm in this almost rainless country, the bed of a stream. But for the greater part of the year it is a deep drift of sand through which the panting engine must push the lagging wheels. And when the wind blows there will be a whirl of sand in your face, stinging as if it were sleet. When you have crossed the wash, you will find a village at the foot of the mesa. No, you can scarcely say that it is a village; it is too small for that. But there is a trader's store, where the Indians come to buy food, but where you will be more anx-

ious to buy a piece of native pottery, or a bright placque into which some Hopi woman has worked a design that represents something in nature that she worships or fears. There will be swirls of bright color on a dark background, to represent the whirlwind through which you have just passed. Or on a coiled placque, black woven on a white background, will be the outlines of the Thunder Bird. All these things, which seem to you merely picturesque or amusing, mean a great deal to the Hopi Indian. They are part of a ritual which makes up most of his life.

Not far off from the trading store is the school to which Hopi children come every day. It is down at the foot of the mesa, and not up where most of the children live, because up in the villages there is no water to be found, except that which the women carry up the hillsides in jars slung in blankets over their shoulders. The schools which the Government has built are to teach the Hopi boys and girls to be clean as well as to read and write and speak English; so they must be placed where water can be found. Here, too, are the homes of the white teachers employed by the Government; and the field matron, whose duty it is to help the women of the Hopi families. Water is one of her principal

needs, too, as she has charge of a laundry to which the women may come, two or three days in the week, to wash their clothes as they cannot do up on the mesa.

It is an interesting sight to watch the Hopi women working in the laundry. They have brought their babies and the children too small for school; and these little brown boys and girls are rolling around on the floor and enjoying themselves while the mothers are working slowly and patiently over the tubs. Some may have finished their washing and are ironing their clothes. When all is done, and the clothes much improved by their bath, the babies and little children may have a bath, too; and last of all the women themselves are bathed, and all, dressed in clean clothing, travel up again to their rocky homes. Only a few of the Hopi have become fond enough of the white man's ways, as yet, to leave the top of the mesa and live down where they can have water any day, as much as they need. Most of them would rather stay up in the mesa pueblo, though it means much harder work to live there.

You will see what it means if you try to follow some of the children up the path when the washing is done. Here are two little girls who are going to

make the ascent, and are politely willing to show you the way. One of them has her mother's washing slung over her shoulders, and the other has her baby brother on her back. You, without any bur-



THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE

Boys at the Hopi second mesa who follow one everywhere.

dens to carry, find it very hard to keep up with their sure steps up the steep, curving trail. Their bare feet cling to the little stones and find a sure lodging place, while your clumsy shoes send the pebbles flying down the hillside. Their breath comes easily as they trudge along, while you find your heart beating faster and your breath coming

in little gasps. This is high country, perhaps a mile above the level of the sea.

As you start up the rocky slope you see a cave-like place in which there is a spring of water. It is there that the Hopi women fill the jars that they carry up to their homes. White men, employed by the Government, have deepened this spring so that it gives a better supply; have surrounded it with concrete so that it can be kept clean; and have made an overflow place so that the stock and the people need not drink at the same spot. The Hopi have not yet learned to do things of this sort. But stuck in where the concrete wall begins you will find two sticks and two feathers, tied together with a piece of bright string. This is a "prayer-plume," and the Hopi who put it there believes that this little device will induce the spirits to make the water plentiful. He knows that the white man's labor has made it more plentiful, as well as cleaner; but he does not give up his faith in his old way, for all that.

Part way up the hill you will come upon the gardens which the women tend so carefully. They are tiny patches on the small bits of good soil to be found here and there amid the rocks. They are divided into little squares, each hedged about with a low rock wall, for protection against wandering

burros. There will be women and girls working in the gardens, pulling out the weeds, bringing water to nourish the plants, digging at the earth with sticks and sharp implements to cultivate the crops. If they see you, and note that you are a stranger, the children will run up to you, crying, "Money! Money!" Some of these mesa pueblos have been visited by so many curiosity seekers that the children have learned to beg from everyone who comes this way.

You will be tired and breathless before you reach the top of the mesa. Many times you have turned and looked back over the desert below; or down at the sandy stretches where the corn is growing, and the peach trees are green, at the base of the hills. It is down there that the men are working, if this is a day of work and not a day of dance or ceremonial. The women are working up above, in their little stone houses.

At last we get up on the top of this tableland. We see that while it is a narrow table or mesa, it stretches out for a long distance; so that on each of the first two mesas there are three different villages, with odd Indian names. On the first mesa are the towns of Walpi, Sichomovi, and Tewa, the first of these on the very tip of the cliff, so that you

can look out from it in all directions upon the desert plains, five hundred feet below. You are almost made dizzy by the sight. The mesa as a whole, though, and the day school to which its children go, are called Polacca. At the second mesa the school



CLIMBING THE HOPI MESAS

It is in this hilly country of Arizona that the Hopi Indians live. In the right-hand corner is a terraced garden.

settlement is called Toreva, and the villages above are known as Mishongnovi, Shipaulovi, and Shongopovi. These two mesas are only a few miles apart, and one may easily be seen from the other, in the clear rare air of this high land. Oraibi, the third group of villages, is more distant still.

Oraibi was originally a single village high on a rock, like those of the second and third mesas. But the building of a day school for the people here, twenty years ago, resulted in a great deal of trouble for everyone. In fact, it was almost like a little war among two parties of Indians, one calling themselves the "Hostiles" and the other the "Friendlies." One group was very much opposed to having a school, and declared they would never send their children to it. The other opposed them so strongly that they finally split off into different villages. So we have old Oraibi, on the top of a mesa; new Oraibi, at its foot, and several miles farther away, two newer villages, Hotevilla and Bacabi. And forty miles still farther to the west, almost over in the country of the Grand Canyon from which the Hopi said they first came, is another branch of the Oraibi folk, farming and freighting at Moencopi Wash. This is the newest pueblo of them all.

But you cannot see all this from the high village to which you have climbed, though the air is very clear and the sun is very bright. Besides there is so much to see right here on the top of the cliff that you will not want to find far-off villages. Here are the little low houses all of tiny stones laid together,

for the Hopi people have not enough water to build of adobe brick as the Zuñi do. Here are the ladders of rough poles, leading to the flat housetops. If you climb up to the top of a house, be careful not to get too close to a big eagle who is tethered there, sullen and gloomy. He seems to know that he is only awaiting the time when he will be killed and his feathers plucked to be used in one of the many ceremonial dances. You can see that he does not like the idea at all.

Narrow dirty paths lead around the side of the cliffs or among the houses; but in the center of the village they widen out into a square or plaza where dances are held. The wind seems always to blow up here so high, and the refuse thrown out from the houses blows about with the wind. But under your feet, you will see pathways worn deep in the solid rock by the moccasined feet that are always passing to and fro.

Such a pathway leads out to Walpi, the tipmost pueblo of the first mesa. It is on a narrow ridge of rock, and when the wind is blowing and the western sun shining in your eyes, you will feel as if it were narrower still, and as if you were poised up there on just a foothold. So deep are the marks of little moccasins that it makes you think of the many

years the feet have been going back and forth along the narrow way. Walpi is one of the oldest of the Hopi villages, and tradition tells us that it was established here on the cliff at the time when all the Pueblo Indians rebelled against the Spanish rule,



A PATH OF CENTURIES

This trail, worn in the stone by many generations of Indian moccasins, is found on the Hopi first mesa.

in 1680. Before that the villages had been farther down, nearer the springs. But so great was the fear which the Hopi had for their European conquerors that they made their homes like fortresses, away up here beyond reach; and they resisted all attempts to regain power over them. Other pueblos to the east were retaken by the Spaniards after only a

few years of freedom, but the Hopi Indians never again submitted to their rule.

As you look out across the plain, you will see a rock that reminds the Hopi Indians of another tragic event in their history. This was in a time that some of the very old people still remember, seventy-five years or more ago. The corn crops had failed and the Hopi people were starving. For once they decided to make a bargain with their enemies, the Spanish-speaking people of the land. And out to this rock they went, and gave their children to be servants to the people of Mexico, receiving in return for them the corn that would keep them alive until another summer would bring them a harvest. It was a cruel bargain and a sad loss; and from it the Hopi people learned a bitter lesson of thrift and foresight. Now each Hopi family stores up the corn of the autumn harvest, untouched until another harvest time comes around. There is always food enough for a year kept in a Hopi home; ears of corn in six colors, piled up in neat rows against the walls.

In one of the Hopi villages is an old man who was one of these children sold into slavery in Mexico. Long years after, when he was a man grown, he returned to his people. He is one of the very few

among the Hopi who speak the Spanish language. By this time most of the younger members of the tribe speak English; but Spanish is the language of their ancient enemies, and they have always avoided it. To this day the Hopi Indians dislike the sound of its soft syllables.

On the doorsteps of some of the houses you will see the women sitting at work at basket-making or the fashioning of pottery. The work of the different villages varies greatly. At only one mesa are the red and brownish-yellow jars and vases made and baked; at another, trays and placques are made by weaving the strands in and out over reeds that radiate from the center. Two sets of these, crossing at the center of the tray, make a raised portion that gives the whole a hat-like effect. Elsewhere, the placques are flat, the strands being coiled around a reed that is wound spirally from the center. This makes a firmer and heavier basket. Those who know the work of the Hopi folk can tell from which village a jar or a basket comes, and can sometimes even tell the name of the person who fashioned it. Something that indicates the individual worker goes into these native products, such as we can never find in goods turned out by machines.

When the sun is dropping low and sending long shadows across the narrow passage-ways of the pueblo, the mother stops her work and goes inside to make ready the evening meal for the men of the family, who will return from the fields far below.



A VILLAGE IN THE SKY

A corner of Walpi pueblo, first mesa, Hopiland, Arizona.

She will make a dough as if for biscuit, using baking powder which she has bought from the store, and will fry it in lard in a pan, over the fireplace in the corner of the room. In a pot hanging over the fire, she will boil tamales, wrapped up in corn-husks. There will be plenty to eat; and if it were only a bit cleaner we should like to sit down and share the meal with them. They will sit around on

the floor to eat it, or on benches perhaps. There is no table set with dishes and clean, white cloth. And later on, the room that has been kitchen and dining-room will be a sleeping-room too. There are no beds and mattresses, but the blankets that have been rolled up against the wall during the day will be brought out and wrapped around the sleepers. They will be bed enough.

You have seen the Hopi people on a working day, and busy little people they seem indeed. But come back on one of the many days on which they hold festival, and you will see a very different spectacle. The whole community will be as intent upon sport as it has been upon work at other times.

There are many dances through the year for the Hopi people. All during the winter they have a long series of *kachina* dances. Like the Zuñi dancers, they represent the kachinas, or spirits, by strange masks which the men-dancers wear. Like the Zuñi priests, too, they initiate the boys of the tribe into the secret of the masks by flogging them. The spirits are also represented by small wooden dolls, carved and painted and masked like the dancers. When the farewell kachina dance is held, in midsummer, these dolls are given to the children of the tribe. A new supply will be carved for the next

series of kachina dances, which will begin with the beginning of winter.

The dances which take place during the summer are carried on without masks. There are many of these summer dances, and they are referred to as nine-day ceremonies, though when one counts the days that are spent in secret preparations in the underground kivas, each one really occupies about sixteen days. Of all these ceremonies the best known, of course, is the snake-dance, which takes place about the third week in August, and is visited every year by a great crowd of tourists. A village celebrates the snake-dance only every other year, and in the alternate year it has the flute-dance, a ceremony of about the same length. But by visiting different villages the outsider may see the snake-dance every summer, if he wishes. Most people who are not of the Hopi tribe, however, can see as much as they want in one visit.

And yet the part that the white man sees is only about forty-five minutes long, out of the whole sixteen days of preparation and dance. Two clans of the tribe, the Antelope Clan and the Snake Clan, give the dance. The Snake Clan, originally a gathering of warriors, goes out to hunt the rattlesnakes; the first day to the north, next to the west,

to the south, and on the fourth day to the east, thus reversing the movements of the clock-hands. If by this time they have not found enough rattlers, they hunt in any direction that seems to promise snakes, taking other kinds if the deadly ones are not plentiful. They induce the snake to uncoil, then take it by the neck and put it into their bags.

Now come the days of ceremonies down in the kivas; prayers and songs before an altar which has been specially prepared for the occasion with images and sand paintings. Then messengers are sent out with prayer offerings for distant shrines.

All the people of the village join in the ceremonies of the last two days. Even the boys and girls greet the runners and the priests with freshly cut cornstalks. By the time they are ready for the final dance with the snakes in the open square of the pueblo, every one is in a high pitch of excitement.

By this time crowds of spectators, some of whom have come all the way across the continent, have gathered to see the dance. The housetops are covered with visitors, who have paid the thrifty Hopi people for the privilege of sitting or standing where they may look on. Once in a while an especially favored visitor is allowed to descend into the kiva and see the ceremony of washing the snakes.

When the snakes have been washed in a specially prepared liquid, and dried in the sand, the dancers come out. One comes with a snake in his mouth; and with him is a companion with a snake-whip, to divert the attention of the reptile as they dance.



THE SQUARE OF THE SNAKE-DANCE
Pueblo of Mishongnovi, second mesa, Hopiland.

They are followed by the snake and antelope priests who pick up the snakes when the dancers drop them in the middle of the plaza, and pass them along, wriggling and twisting, from one to another. Meanwhile the dancers go back for a fresh supply from the kiva, until all have been brought out. Then the snakes are thrown into a mass in the center of the plaza, and sprinkled with cornmeal by

the women. At a given signal the priests rush in, grab each as many as he can hold; and rush down the sides of the cliff to the plain, where the snakes are released.

This is the end of the long days of ceremony and preparation. It is the great event of the year for the Hopi Indians. Perhaps they are not all now so sure as they used to be that it will bring rain and abundant crops. But they know that it brings tourists and money from the people who buy their wares. And the years when they had famine have taught the Hopi Indians to take every opportunity to lay up a store of food or money.

ARABS OF THE SOUTHWEST

There is one place in the United States, and only one, where four states meet. In this southwestern land of bare rock and yellow sand you may stand in one spot and with a sweep of your arm swing through New Mexico to Arizona, to Utah, to Colorado, and so back to New Mexico again. And this country of the Four Corners, as people call it, is in the land of the Navajo Indian.

The land reserved for the use of the large Navajo tribe lies in three of these four states—New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah. In the fourth state we still have Indian country, but it belongs to a different tribe, the Utes of Ute Mountain, enemies of the Navajos for as long a time as either of the tribes can remember. Now they are at war no longer, and there is nothing but a dilapidated one-wire fence to show where the land of the Ute ends and that of the Navajo begins.

. From this fence the Navajo Reservation stretches away for many miles to the south and the west. They have a country larger than several of our smaller states added together; and so different from the land where the white man has built his

towns and cities that it seems to the traveler like another world altogether. In all this vast extent there is nothing that could be called even a village.

At several different places, scores of miles apart, are agencies which the Government has established. At each of these are buildings where live the employes of the United States Indian Service who are taking care of the interests of the Indians. At each there is also a large school where Navajo children are taught. At several other points on the reservation there are schools, some provided by the Government and some by various missionary bodies. But these are the only places where white men and women live, in the whole wide country. The whole population is made up of Indians of the Navajo tribe; and they, being shepherds, do not live in villages at all. Each family has its own grazing places; and people who know these Indians well will tell you that they are happiest when their homes are far away from the sight of men. You may travel many miles without catching sight of their dwelling places; and only now and then do you see a flock of sheep slowly nibbling its way across the desert, with a Navajo girl riding beside them, her face painted a bright red to protect it from the fierce rays of the sun. The real

home of a Navajo boy or girl is on horseback, not within the four walls of their simple hogans of brush or logs.

It is a strange thought that the two things that make Navajo life what it is today are the animals he has received from the white man—the sheep and the horse. We cannot realize at all what the life of the Indian must have been in this country before the Spaniards came. One reason for the slow development of the Indian race was that they had no domestic animals at all, except the dog. And the lack of any means of transportation, especially in this southwestern country which had no water routes for travel, was an even more serious handicap. When the Indians first saw Spaniards riding on horses, it is related that they thought horse and rider were one; and that a miracle had taken place when the strange creature divided into two living beings, each capable of moving without the other.

But it was not long before the Indians were as fine horsemen as Europeans had ever been. The horse was something they had needed and could use in everyday life. So useful and so valuable were the horses which they raised and captured and traded in, that before long all these tribes of the dry country counted their wealth in terms of

horses. The richest man was the man who had the greatest string of ponies. The most desirable girl of the tribe became the wife of the one who could pay her father the greatest price, and that price was paid in horses.

No one knows just how the Navajo or other tribes of the interior of the country first obtained



Photo by Peter Paquette

NAVAJO SHEEP-FLOCK

These sheep find a living on the desert in northern Arizona and provide wool for the principal Navajo industry.

horses. Horses escaped or were stolen from early Spanish explorers; and since they found a country of fine grass, they grew in numbers rapidly, and soon great bands of them were traveling about, like the herds of buffalo that made their way across the great plains. It is told that some Indian tribes captured these horses, creatures such as they had never seen before; and held them in bands, before

they met Indians who knew of their use for travel and could teach them horsemanship. But all this is tradition; for the Indian, on the whole, learned the art so quickly it seemed to the white man that he must always have known it. We can scarcely think of these western Indians without their horses; and it is hard for us to believe that the greater part of their tribal existence was carried on quite without such help.

There were no sheep in this country, either, until the Spaniards brought them. Probably the Navajos got their first sheep by stealing them from the villages of the more settled Indians. Probably, too, they learned to make the wool and weave it from captured women of the village tribes. But this belongs back in the early history no one has written for us, which we can only surmise from what we know of later times.

What we do know is that when the Spaniards came into this southwestern part of our land, traveling north from Mexico, they found the land inhabited by Indians of two very different sorts, living very different lives. One were an agricultural people, living together in villages, having permanent houses of stone built in high rocky places for defense. The others were roving bands

of wild warriors who were forever pillaging the gardens and settlements of the quiet folk. To the former Indians the Spaniards gave the name of "Indios del pueblos," or "Indians of the villages"; while the roving bands were called, "Indios salvajes," or "wild Indians." As the Spaniards settled in this country, their villages grew up side by side with the Indian pueblos, and the wild roving Indians were a menace to them both.

There were many different kinds of Indians among these roving bands—Utes, Comanches, Apaches, and others whose names are even less familiar. The Navajos themselves were probably originally a composite of several tribes. In language they are like the Apaches, but in appearance they show different characteristics. The name the Spaniards first gave them was "Apaches de Navaju," or "enemies of the broad fields," as one of the Pueblo languages named them. But their name for themselves is "Diné," meaning "the people."

Throughout the centuries when the Spaniards lived in this country the Navajo bands were a constant menace to the more settled tribes. Horse and gun made them deadlier enemies than they could ever have been before the whites came. The Pueblo Indians lived in daily fear of their raids.

Among the things which the roving Indians captured from the village folk were sheep; and they learned the use of their wool from the human captives whom they carried off on their raids. Not all of the wild tribes took so kindly to the sheep as did the Navajo; but in the course of time the Navajo became a shepherd race, and have so remained to this day.

In the early stories of the races that grew up around the Mediterranean Sea we hear much of a period when the people were shepherds. Egypt in its early days had a line of shepherd kings. But before a people developed to the point of having a central government and a single ruler, they passed through a state known as patriarchal, which means government by the fathers. The story of Abraham, traveling from place to place on the Arabian desert with his family and his servants, and with his flocks, very well illustrates the sort of life led by a people in this period of development. Thousands of years ago Abraham's people passed from the shepherd life to a more settled existence; in the place of patriarchs, or fathers of family groups, they had first judges, and later kings, to rule them. It takes many years to change these separate roving groups into a united nation.

By learning to use the sheep and depend on them for food and clothing, the Navajo Indians passed from a wilder state into a kind of life very much like that which existed on the plains of Asia Minor centuries ago. Today, if one travels over our own desert, across northern Arizona, it is not hard to fancy that one is back in the early days of Egypt or Palestine. We do not find camels, and there are huts instead of tents; but one might easily imagine these brown-skinned horsemen, each with a red band about his straight black hair, to be a part of old Asia instead of new America.

As shepherd folk the Navajo Indians never developed any form of government that brought them all together. There were clans which claimed relationship with one another, but these ties were resorted to for purposes of ceremonial observances and not for controlling their daily actions in peace or war. At no time has there ever been a headman or head group who could speak for all of them in any way. The groups made war separately, and a victory over one of them meant no cessation of trouble with the others. So the warfare they kept up with the settled tribes and the Spanish settlers was a constant strife lasting for generation upon generation. When one band suf-

ferred defeat and retreated to some other portion of the country, another would soon come along to renew the conflict. The settlements of the whites and the pueblos of the redmen were kept safe only by constant vigilance. This state of affairs lasted during the whole time when Spain was in control of the country, with the headquarters of her colonial government in the City of Mexico, far to the south.

There were some attempts, in these early days, to send priests and missionaries to these roving tribes; but they produced little or no result. The Navajos were willing to learn to use the horse and the sheep, but they clung to their own ritual and ceremonies, and did not wish to change to the white man's. Their customs and beliefs are still very strong among them, and still only partly known to the white man.

All this time, while Spanish was the language of the southwest country, and while such government as prevailed over the more settled portion of the land was administered from the City of Mexico, there was growing up in the eastern part of the continent our husky young English-speaking country, the United States of America. When the thirteen colonies first became the United States,

there was a wide stretch of territory between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi River where very few white men lived. But as time went on this country began to fill with settlers. From wild forest where the hunter roved, it was developing into cleared farm land. The country just beyond the Mississippi, which belonged to France in those early days, was bought by the United States during the administration of President Jefferson. This Louisiana Purchase, as it was called, extended from the mouth of the Mississippi northward, growing wider all the way until it reached the Oregon country and the Pacific Ocean.

To the west of this land lay the region claimed by Spain. This country looked with an unfriendly eye on the growth of the new American nation, and for a long time there was little relation between the two sections. In 1822 Mexico rebelled against Spain and won her independence; but the people did not change their attitude of seclusion and reserve for some time. Wagon trains from St. Louis began to travel across the plains to trade with the inhabitants of Santa Fé and the surrounding country. They were constantly in danger, all along the way, from the wild Indians who were the only inhabitants of the land that lay between the

two points. When the Mexican War, in 1846, brought this country under the control of the United States, it was a section that was very little known to the English-speaking people of the continent. There were three sorts of people living in



NAVAJO INDIANS IN COUNCIL
At Fort Defiance, Arizona.

this newly acquired territory: the Mexicans, who were either of Spanish or of mixed Spanish and Indian blood; the quiet village Indians, living in their settlements and farming the lands about them; and the wild Indians who were a constant danger to both the others.

Chief among the wild tribes were the Navajos, and the United States thought it advisable to make

treaties with them to insure peaceful relations with them for the future. Unfortunately, since the Navajo Indians were not joined into a single nation or government, a treaty with one group of them had no effect in keeping any other bands from pillaging the country. For fifteen years after this country was ceded to the United States there was a constant state of war with the Navajo Indians. Treaties were made, only to be broken sooner than they could be considered in Congress for ratification. The Government of the United States was trying to deal with the Navajos as if they were a nation, and so every treaty was based on a mistake.

Then came the time of the Civil War, in which the states of the South and those of the North were for four years in a deadly struggle to see whether the United States should survive. The great battles of this war were all east of the Mississippi, of course; but the relations between the Indians and the United States became a very serious question. So long as they kept in the warpath it would take many of the troops of the United States to keep them quiet; and the Federal army would be just so much the weaker to fight against the army of the Confederacy. It was to the interest of the South,

therefore, to keep the Indians stirred up; and to the interest of the Union to control them as completely as possible.

General James H. Carleton was the commanding officer over this section of the country in 1863, and the man whom he chose to subdue the Navajo Indians was that famous scout Kit Carson. Carson was then more than fifty years of age, and for some years had been leading a more settled life as United States Indian agent in charge of two or three roving bands of Apaches and Utes who traveled about in northern New Mexico. He was a man whom the Indians knew well; and they both respected and liked him. He was a good friend to them if they wanted peace, and an enemy to be reckoned with if they sought for warfare. To him Carleton entrusted the campaign against the Navajo Indians.

The purpose of this campaign was to bring the constant depredations and forays of the Navajo bands to an end. It was thought that the best way to do this would be to remove them from that section of the country altogether, and to place them on a reservation to the east, on the Pecos River. Here they should learn to till the soil, guarded so that they could not escape and make more trouble for the United States troops.

In the summer of 1863 the word was sent out to all the Navajo bands that if they would come in and surrender themselves, they would be taken, with their families and their possessions, their flocks of sheep and strings of ponies, to the new



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

NAVAJO RUG WEAVERS

Women at a loom weaving the Navajo blankets, which we call rugs.

reservation. They would be settled there and every provision would be made for their welfare. But if they refused to come in of their own will, steps would be taken to make them obey. Some did give themselves up and were taken to the Bosque Redondo, as the reservation was called. A fort was established from which the soldiers went out to round

up the redmen. Destroying and driving off their herds of sheep made many others give themselves up. The most unwilling of them finally made a last stand at the Canyon de Chelly.

This canyon, in the heart of the Navajo country, was thought to be a place in which the Indians could defend themselves indefinitely. It is thirty miles long. In some places the walls rise a thousand feet high, sheer cliffs in some of which are still to be found the old stone dwellings of an unknown people who were there many centuries before the Navajos came to the land. Sometimes this canyon widened out into a beautiful valley, with green fields, and peach orchards. Again it would narrow to a mere zigzag sandy trail.

It was thought that no army could ever march through this canyon in time of war; but the detachment under Carson's command accomplished it in two days' journey, in January, 1864. This was the end of the Navajo War. Those who did not surrender at this time were convinced that there was no longer any use in holding out. Before the year was old the Navajo people were all located at the Bosque Redondo. They took no more part in the war between the North and the South.

The plan had been to keep the Navajos at this

new location and there to teach them habits of industry, to instruct their children, and to induce them to adopt the white man's ways of living. But for a number of reasons this proved too difficult a scheme to carry out. Other Indians were there, too: different bands of Apaches, who were enemies of the Navajos, so that there was constant trouble among them. Then the soil proved to be not so favorable for farming as had been thought; and the water was undesirable as well. One or two years of drought and poor crops made it hard to keep the tribes upon the land that had been set apart for them. It was determined to carry the Navajo Indians back to their own desert country.

So, after four years of exile, these red rovers came back to the canyons and rugged hills of northern Arizona. And here they have lived ever since. Sheep were issued to them all in place of those that had been destroyed by the soldiers, and food was given them to provide for their needs until another harvest season should come. After this they were left to take care of themselves, with help for only the old and the sick. Ever since that time they have been self-supporting.

They have been peaceful, too, all these years—now nearly sixty. They are still a turbulent and

aggressive people, and there have been times when some of them have been unruly and troublesome. But there has never been a time when they have gone upon the warpath. The march through the Canyon de Chelly and the years of exile at the



Photo by Peter Paquette

A NAVAJO FAMILY

Showing the baby-carrier, in which the baby, tightly bound, is carried on the mother's back.

Bosque Redondo taught them a lesson that they have never forgotten.

There are schools now on the Navajo Reservation for the boys and girls; and not long ago two boys strayed away from one of these schools and robbed the hogan of some Navajo family. The owner of the hogan and other members of the family came

indignantly to the superintendent of the school to complain of this.

"We send you our children that they may learn from you," the Indian father said. "Here they learn to rob and to take what is not their own. We Indian people would not teach them this."

The superintendent turned to the old grandmother, who had come with them. "Do you remember the days in the Bosque Redondo?" he asked. "Then tell these younger people why you all went there."

The old woman remembered well. "Long time ago," she said, "we were bad Indians. We stole much and destroyed much. The soldiers came and carried us away for four long years; and when they brought us back again to our land we had learned that we must not steal or fight. We are not to be bad people any longer."

So the Indians and the superintendent agreed that there was good for the boys to learn at school, and that they were perhaps only like their elders in needing punishment when they did wrong.

In the last half-century the Navajos have prospered remarkably in their desert land. They have grown so in numbers that now there are thought to be about thirty thousand of them, instead of the

nine or ten thousand who were counted when the Government issued sheep to them in 1868. You will wonder, traveling in that bare sandy country, how they can ever find a living where there is so little water and little grass. But somehow they do, though the white man would no doubt find it too hard a task. They raise great flocks of sheep, and the women and girls take the wool from these sheep and weave it into blankets or rugs of a remarkably firm texture, in the bright colors and patterns which they design for themselves. A Navajo rug is an excellent example of primitive life. From the shearing of the wool until the finished rug is taken to the trader for sale, no machines have helped in the making. No materials have been brought from other parts of the world to add to its beauty or value. The Navajo woman has used the materials at hand and has put her own skill and her own planning into the rug at every step.

This illustrates how the Navajo Indians can be, as they are, almost independent of the rest of the world. They are not quite independent, for they sell their products and buy various things to eat and wear from the traders who have stores here and there, at wide intervals, upon their reservation. In a few things they have learned to depend

upon the products of our industry. But even without these they could live, in their dry far-off land, where their ancestors lived before the white man had heard of this continent. Few people today can live so completely apart from the rest of the world as can the Navajo Indians.

THE NEZ PERCÉS

One of the most interesting journeys in the history of the world was the first expedition made through the territory which President Jefferson purchased for the United States from the Emperor Napoleon, in 1803. Captains Lewis and Clark led their little band of explorers from St. Louis up to the Missouri River, across the mountains, and down the Columbia River Valley to the Pacific coast. They passed through sections where white men had never before penetrated, and brought back to the people of the United States a marvelous store of information about the new addition to their country, the Louisiana Purchase. Today we could travel easily, in a week or two, over the country through which they struggled during more than two years of hardship. We should see railway engines and automobiles rolling smoothly along where they fought their way through an almost trackless wilderness. We should find fields and farms where they crossed a barren land of sand and rocks. We should pass towns and cities of white men filling the country where they saw only now and then a small roving band of Indians. And it

was their brave journey that paved the way for all the change that has come upon that land in the hundred and twenty years that have gone by since that time.

One of the barest portions of that long journey was in the Snake River country, in the western



INDIAN COUNTRY

Scenery along the Pend d'Oreille River in Montana.

part of what is now the state of Idaho. Here for the first time the expedition was reduced to eating the flesh of dogs; for even the wild game failed them. Both on the outward journey and again on their return to the east, they found this region a very hard one in which to procure the means of living. Yet it was here that they found the home

of the Chopunnish or Nez Percé Indians, living "in tents of an oblong form, covered with flat roofs."

The journal of Lewis and Clark describes these Indians as generally handsome and healthy, dressing in skins, and fond of paints and of ornaments of bright beads. But the life of these Indians was not an easy one.

"The Chopunnish have very few amusements," the chronicler tells us, "for their life is painful and laborious; and all their exertions are necessary to earn even their precarious subsistence. During the summer and autumn they are busily occupied in fishing for salmon, and collecting their winter store of roots. In the winter they hunt the deer on snowshoes over the plains, and towards spring cross the mountains to the Missouri for the purpose of trafficking for buffalo robes. The inconveniences of that comfortless life are increased by frequent encounters with their enemies from the west, who drive them over the mountains with the loss of their horses, and sometimes the lives of many of their nation. Their treatment to us differed much from the kind and disinterested services of the Shoshonees; they are indeed selfish and avaricious; they part very reluctantly with every article of food or clothing; and while they expect a recom-

pense for every service however small, do not concern themselves about reciprocating any presents we may give them."

This first view of the Nez Percés was not an especially attractive one; and yet they had characteristics which deserved praise as well as blame. Their hard life had taught them to be industrious and thrifty, to lay up stores of roots and nuts for the seasons of scarcity. In a land where vegetation is more abundant and the seasons are more favorable, the natives had not learned to look ahead, but expected to find each day all that was needed, with little or no labor. So when hardship did come, they had no way to meet it.

It was forty years after the Lewis and Clark expedition before any white man went to stay among the Nez Percés. In 1833 four Indians from the far northwestern mountains reached St. Louis after a long and weary journey overland. From the white men who had traveled through their country, they said, they had learned of a new religion, and they wished to know more of it. It is said that two of these Indians were from the Nez Percé tribe; but the first missionaries who were sent out in response to this appeal went beyond the country of the Nez Percés and settled in the Oregon Territory. In

1836, Henry H. Spalding came as missionary to these people. He came to teach them not only the white man's religion, but the white man's industries as well. He brought tools for building, seeds for the planting of gardens and trees and fields. With his own hands he planted the first apple tree that ever grew within the state of Idaho, and this same tree was standing until a very few years ago. Idaho apples, big and beautiful, grown in a country that has been changed from barrenness to richness by irrigation, may all be said to be the descendants of this first apple tree whose seed was carried in the missionary pack of Henry Spalding.

Spalding found the Nez Percés eager to learn both the new religion and the new ways of labor. He and his family established a school, which old as well as young attended. He taught them to plow, to sow and to reap, to care for poultry and pigs and cattle, to raise gardens and tend orchards. They were the first farmers and fruit-growers in all this section of the country. They may well be proud of the fact that while other Indian tribes have lived through the rations given to them regularly by the Government, they have never received such doles.

Their response to the religious teaching was

unusual, too. Today they are among the very few tribes which not only profess the Christian religion, but raise up young men of the tribe to be preachers of the faith to their own people. Not only are there native preachers in each of the six churches on



A NEZ PERCÉ MAN; IDAHO

their reservation, but it is quite a common sight, on other reservations in neighboring states, to see the sober dress and earnest face of Nez Percé men who have come on a missionary journey to other tribes of their race.

In 1847 the Cayuse Indians, close relatives of the Nez

Percés, frightened by a superstitious belief that the new religion was responsible for an epidemic of smallpox which had come upon them, rose against their missionaries and murdered them all. The Spaldings were fortunate in escaping death, but were driven away from the tribe, and could not return for fifteen years. In the meantime great

changes were coming about in this country. Settlers began coming in, more and more of them as time went on. In 1860 the discovery of gold brought a great rush of prospectors, who speedily overran the land.

Treaties were made at this time with the Nez Percés, as with other tribes of Indians in this northwest country. By these treaties the Indians ceded to the United States a great portion of their land, and agreed to remain upon that part which they did not sell, called a "reservation." Here the Government was to establish schools and an agency where they would receive the money that was to be paid to them for the land they gave up. Many of the Indians of this region were much dissatisfied with giving up their hunting grounds, and the result was a war known as the Oregon War, in 1855.

In this the Nez Percés took no part. Indeed, it was for many years their boast that they had always been at peace with the white man. When the parties of settlers and goldseekers came through their country, the Nez Percés, keen traders, always had food and skins to sell. With this trade and with the money paid them for the cession of part of their lands, they were most prosperous.

But there was a party among them that was not

satisfied with the treaties that had been made with the Government. They refused to give up the land in the Wallowa Valley, which was part of the ceded section; and would not take up their homes in the reserved land. They declared that their bands had never agreed to the treaty and would not be bound by it. For years they roamed away from the Indians who had accepted the treaty, and visited the Wallowa Valley at the usual times of the year for hunting. The leader of this band of "non-treaty" Indians was Chief Joseph.

In spite of the fact that white settlers had come into the Wallowa Valley, which the treaty had opened to settlement, President Grant was willing to give it back to the Indians if they would promise to live there and to refrain from roaming about and harming the settlers around them. Accordingly, he issued an Executive Order in which he set this land aside for the use of Chief Joseph and his band if they would make it their home. It was necessary, of course, for the Congress of the United States to agree to this and to provide the money for paying the white settlers who had come in and bought land and built homes upon it; for not even the Government of the United States has the right to take land away from any man without making

payment for it. Congress failed to appropriate the money; and the Indians failed to carry out their part of the agreement and settle down. So after two years, in 1875, President Grant withdrew his order, and conditions were as they had been before it was made.

Chief Joseph and his people were under the influence of a sect of believers who called themselves "the dreamers." They preached what seems to us a very odd doctrine. They held that the earth was made by God just as He wished it to be, and that it was wrong for man to disturb the work in any way. It was wrong to plow the soil or to raise crops. The strength of men came from the untouched soil. They might roam over it and pluck the natural fruits, but the earth itself should not be disturbed.

Holding such a belief as this, these Nez Percés were unwilling to stay even in the Wallowa Valley which they loved and claimed. They wished to retain it for an occasional hunting ground. But while they claimed it, they continued to rove from place to place, and to dispute with the white settlers the ownership of the whole country.

The United States Government felt that the only way to keep peace was to arrange for the removal

of Chief Joseph and his band to a place which they could have for their own, with no white people to claim any part of it. Many councils were held with the Indians, whose three leaders, Chief Joseph, Looking Glass, and White Bird, agreed that they would settle upon the reservation. They visited the valley of the Clearwater River and chose a site there. In a final council held on May 15, 1877, they agreed to bring their stock and all their belongings to their new home and settle there, within thirty days.

But instead of going peaceably to their new home, they spent the month in drilling for war. One day before the time set for removal, they began hostilities by killing twenty-one white settlers, men and women, in the region of White Bird Creek. Realizing that they could not hope to stay in that country against the whole force of the United States, they planned to travel north into Canada, as the Sioux had done the year before, after the annihilation of Custer's command in Montana. For nearly four months they fought off the United States troops, traveling ever farther and farther to the north. It was a retreat which showed wonderful military ability, and won the surprise and admiration of Generals Howard and Miles, who

were in command of the troops opposing them. It was General Howard who pursued the Indians all through the summer as they journeyed north. The force under General Miles intercepted them at the end, when they were almost outside the borders of the United States, and it was to General Miles that Chief Joseph surrendered. White Bird with a band of followers succeeded in getting out of reach, across the border.

Many years later a white friend who heard the story of the campaign from Chief Joseph himself, declared the old Indian to have been a military genius who might, with greater opportunity, have



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

CHIEF JOSEPH

Called "The Red Napoleon," who led
a masterly retreat of the
Nez Percés.

been known as one of the greatest captains of all time. "As it was," this observer said, "with only the resources that an Indian living in a lean land could muster, he kept an army at bay, fought with front

and rear, and forced his way across about fourteen hundred miles of wild country, in spite of the opposition of an active and ably generaled army under General O. O. Howard, from the western border of Idaho, across Idaho and Montana, to within a few miles of the Canadian boundary line, in the Milk River country, Montana; and was taken only because he supposed he had made good his object and had reached British territory."

The course which the authorities wished to follow, on capturing Joseph and his band, would have been to take them back and place them on the reservation they had agreed to occupy. But the feelings of the white settlers of the region, roused by the tragedies with which the warfare had begun, were at too high a point to make it safe to send the Indians back among them. So it was decided to settle the band in the Indian Territory. Four hundred and thirty-one men, women, and children were sent south under military guard.

For a time they were in Kansas, not far from Fort Leavenworth; but this location proved so disastrous to their health that Chief Joseph was given an opportunity to select a place for them to the south, in the Indian country. After looking the ground over he chose a location in the central por-

tion of what is now Oklahoma, among the Ponca and Pawnee Indians, plains tribes who had very recently settled in that section. Here they stayed for several years.

When they finally returned to the northwest, about half the band went to the Nez Percé Reservation and rejoined their fellow-tribesmen, under promise to remain upon the land assigned to them and to keep the peace. Chief Joseph and the remainder of his people refused still to accept any place of residence except the Wallowa Valley, which by this time was so filled with white settlements that even if the Government had been able and willing to pay the large sums which would have been necessary to buy out the settlers, there would have been no game for Indians wishing to live the old wild life of their forefathers. The land itself had given up its savage ways, and was a quiet farm country.

Accordingly, Joseph and his followers were sent to the Colville Reservation in the state of Washington, as the nearest approach to the kind of life and kind of climate they desired. Here the Chief lived for nearly twenty years longer; but before his death in 1904 he had lost the power which he had enjoyed among his people and younger leaders con-

trolled them. To the end he longed for the Wallowa Valley which had been his home as a boy.

But this war which Joseph led was, after all, the action of only a part of the Nez Percé tribe. The greater number of them remained peaceably upon their reservation throughout the troubles, and continued to raise their crops and to send their children to school. A few years after they had been rejoined by part of Joseph's band, returning from exile in Oklahoma, a law was passed by the Congress of the United States which provided for breaking up the reservations and giving each Indian his share to have for his very own. Before this, a reservation had been owned by the tribe as a whole. No man could say that one piece of it belonged to him and another to his brother; but each had a share in the whole. While they were roving Indians, and while the chief use they made of the country was to hunt or trap or fish, this form of tribal ownership was satisfactory enough. But when they began to become farmers and to raise orchards and crops, it was felt that a man would have a greater pride in making a farm productive if he knew that no other member of his tribe could claim it or plan to take it away from him. Especially, if they were to build houses in which to

live, instead of mere temporary tepees or huts, they would want to feel that the land upon which they built was theirs individually. So the law provided for this plan of giving each Indian his own farm or "allotment," as it was called.

The Nez Percés, more than two thousand in all, received their allotments in 1895. After each Indian—man, woman and child—had been given a farm, and after a considerable section of prairie land had been reserved for grazing purposes for the tribe as a whole, there was still a great deal of surplus land. This was sold to white people, and the money which they paid for it was more than a million and a half dollars. With this money, and an income which came to them from leasing their grazing lands, the Nez Percés found themselves a prosperous, indeed almost a rich people. Each member of the tribe had a farm which would become more and more valuable every year as more white towns grew up in the section; and each had, besides his land, an income in money which came without any exertion on his part. It was a very different state from that in which Captains Lewis and Clark had found their ancestors early in the century which was now drawing to a close.

One of the rules that was made when the Indians

received their individual allotments was that they should not be able to sell them for twenty-five years, so it was not until 1920 that the Nez Percés were allowed to dispose of their land to others. The reason for this was that they were felt to be at a disadvantage with the white men when it came to making such a bargain, and that they should have a period of owning the land and becoming acquainted with the white man's methods, before they should be permitted to sell. Meanwhile the land grew more and more valuable.

Unfortunately, their riches did not prove an unmixed benefit to the Nez Percés. When they had been poor they had been hardworking and thrifty; they had husbanded their stores carefully, and had looked forward to the future. Now that money came to them easily, they forgot to look forward to a time when they might have used up all their stores and would need more. When they were permitted to sell their land, they did so, forgetting that their children, born after the land was given out, could have no farms unless they received them from their parents. Or, if they did not sell their lands, they found that white men would pay enough rent for them to support the Indian owners without working. So their children have grown up without

learning how to do any useful things. It is always easier to find mischief to do than it is to find useful occupation; and Indian boys and girls are no different from white people in this respect. So everyone agrees that the younger people among the Nez



Photo by Bureau of American Ethnology

CAMP OF PLAINS INDIANS

Indians that hunted the buffalo lived in villages like this.

Percés are not so independent nor so trustworthy as their fathers and grandfathers were before them; and that an easy life has done them more harm than a hard life did to the Indians of an early day.

But it has not entirely wiped out the good that is in them; and in 1923 there was established among

them an "Indian Home and Farm Association," with the purpose of awakening in the younger members of the tribe an ambition to become useful people, to give up idleness and gambling and intemperance, and to settle upon the land and care for it.

Most of the Nez Percés who still retain their land have good homes. For those who have no land there is still the possibility of leasing a part of the land that is owned by the tribe as a whole. So they have an opportunity to regain their lost place and to command the respect of the people about them, as the older generation did. They have much to be proud of in their past history and under wise guidance can make the future equal to the past. All friends of the Indians are looking at their efforts and wishing them well in their endeavor to "come back."

INDIANS AT SCHOOL

About fifty years ago, when the white man and the red were still at war in many parts of the country, a group of fighting Indians was captured and sent, as prisoners of war, to St. Augustine, Florida,



CLASS OF INDIAN CHILDREN
At Government day school, Zuni.

far off from their homes on the plains. Here they remained for three years. During that time one of the officers who had them in charge, Lieutenant (later General) R. H. Pratt, became very much interested in their welfare. He thought he saw a way to make them into friends of the United States,

instead of foes, by teaching them to live in the fashion of the white men and by giving them a chance to make a living by industry instead of by war and the chase. He and Mrs. Pratt spent much time in teaching these men and boys who had come to them as wild savages. When the three years of their sentences were ended, there were twenty-two who said that they would be willing to stay in the east for three years longer if they might go to school during that time.

Meanwhile, friendly and interested people in the east had taken up the idea and had subscribed the money that made it possible for these young men to be sent as pupils to Hampton Institute, in Virginia. This was a boarding school which had been established after the Civil War, to teach better ways of living and better methods of working to the freed slaves. At Hampton the negro boys and girls were receiving just the sort of education which the young Indians needed. Here the redmen were welcomed, and here they learned many useful things.

Now there had been schools for Indians before this time, in many parts of the country. There had been schools away back in the early days in New England, when John Eliot translated the Bible into the language of one of the tribes, a language that

is no longer spoken or read. There had been missionaries to go out to many different tribes in various parts of the country, just as the Whitmans went to far-off Oregon; and wherever they went it was their plan to have a school in which the Indians, both children and their parents, might be taught. And there had been money appropriated by the Government for Indian education ever since our National Government was young.

So it was not the idea of teaching these Indians that was a new one. It was the idea of taking them entirely away from their tribes, to learn in the land of the white man. General Pratt would always say: "To civilize the Indian you must put him in the midst of civilization." So the success which followed putting the Indian prisoners at school at Hampton, Virginia, was followed by the establishment of a Government Indian school in the east, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

Here at Carlisle was an old barracks of the War Department, which that department agreed to lend to the Indian Office for use as a school. There were a number of large brick buildings, and there were twenty-seven acres of land, in the midst of rich farming country. It was an excellent place to carry out General Pratt's plan.

Here for many years was Carlisle Indian School, the largest of the schools in which Indians were taught. It was the first of the non-reservation schools, so called because they were not situated in the Indian country, but were away from all the reservations made for the redman. Indian boys and girls came to it from all over the country, usually to stay for a period of three to five years, often for a longer time. As the fame of the school grew they were all eager to be Carlisle pupils.

But in the beginning it was a harder matter to induce them to leave their tribes and spend several years in a country which they had never seen. Indian parents are always reluctant to have their children leave them, and in those days they were much more afraid of untried things than they are now. In 1878 the Pratts made their first trip to collect children for school from the Sioux tribes, in what was then the Territory of Dakota. They visited six different agencies among the Sioux Indians, and brought back forty boys and nine girls. These were taken to Hampton Institute that fall, but the next year some of the Hampton pupils formed the nucleus of the new institution at Carlisle.

It was much easier to get boys to come to the

school than to get the girls. Among the Sioux Indians it was the girls and women who did all the work. The men were warriors and hunters; when they were not fighting or hunting they had very little to occupy their time. But the women had to be busy every hour of the day. The Sioux valued their girls as workers, and they declared that if they were taken away to school they would forget how to care for the buffalo meat and to tan the hides, how to build tepees and make cooking utensils, how to raise corn and grind it to make bread. If they learned the ways of the white women they would no longer be so useful to their Indian fathers and husbands.

In spite of this a few girls were persuaded to join the school party. One Arickaree girl at Fort Berthold, ten years old, was so especially bright that it was felt she would profit greatly from the school. But her mother objected:

"If Anna goes away to school," she said, "she will learn to think of herself as a white girl, for she is half white; and she will think of me, her Indian mother, as an Indian and a savage. You cannot have her unless you take me too." So Mary, the mother, and Anna, her daughter, were both pupils, side by side, in the first group that was brought east

that fall to the Carlisle School to learn the ways of the white man.

The next autumn the Carlisle School was opened with a hundred and forty-seven pupils. More than half of these were Sioux from the Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies in Dakota. Cheyennes, Kiowas, Pawnees, and other tribes from the Indian Territory made up the rest. During the year there came to the new school nearly a hundred more boys and girls, from all parts of the country—Menominees from Wisconsin, Poncas from Nebraska, Comanches from the Indian Territory, Apaches and Pueblos from New Mexico; and even two Lipan children who had been captured in Old Mexico by some soldiers, two or three years earlier. There had never before been such a gathering of children of many tribes, all speaking different languages, and used to very different ways.

About half of these children had had some instruction before in schools on their reservations, and could speak a little English, at least. The other half were quite unacquainted with anything but the wild ways of camp life. Some of the Hampton pupils were brought up to help get the school started, and they proved that the instruction they had received at Hampton had been very useful.

Teaching the children to speak English, to read and write, and to learn the lessons of the six grades that were established, was of course only a small part of the instruction that they were to receive. It was a boarding school, at which they lived all the



ALBUQUERQUE BOARDING SCHOOL
Indian boys assembling for dinner.

time. Every one of the different activities that they followed during the whole day gave them something new to learn. Some of these children had never seen a knife or a fork, had never slept in a bed, nor sat at a table.

So first of all they had to learn to keep themselves clean, and to wear clothing like that of white children; to eat their meals at regular hours, and

to sleep in a certain place at a regular time. All this was very strange and new to camp children.

Then they had to learn to make their own beds and to keep their rooms swept and clean. When a bugle had called them in the morning and all had risen and washed and dressed, and had set their rooms in order, another call summoned them to breakfast. But a group of girls and boys had gone to the kitchen earlier than the rest, to help the cook prepare the meal. Here they learned to use a stove, and dishes, to prepare food for eating, to wash dishes, to set a table, and to serve food to the pupils. It is hard for us to realize what it would be like if all these things were new and strange to us, instead of so commonplace that we never think of them.

When breakfast was over and the dining-room and kitchen set in order, it was time for school. Half of the children would go to lessons in a regular schoolroom, while the other half would go to the shops or barns, to learn different trades and occupations, and to make some of the things that were needed for their own use. The children who had book lessons in the morning had work lessons in the afternoon; those who spent the morning at work went to the schoolroom the latter half of the day.

There were many different kinds of work to

learn. Both boys and girls worked in the laundry, where they had to wash and iron the many clothes a big school full of children would need; not only wearing apparel, but sheets and towels and the like. The sewing-room, where dresses and underwear and shirts were made and mended, and where hundreds of stockings were darned every week, was the place where many of the girls kept busy. There was a tailor-shop where the boys learned to make their heavier garments, a shoe-shop where they mended and made shoes, a bake-shop where they made bread, a tin shop where they fashioned cooking utensils, and shops where carpentry, blacksmithing, and harnessmaking were taught them. All these things helped both to make them acquainted with a means of earning a living and to produce things that were needed at the school for their own use. From the first, too, there was a print-shop, where the boys learned to become printers, and produced a school paper, which told of their doings and the progress they were making.

Because a soldier was in charge of the school, it very naturally came about that the pupils were arranged in companies, and that they wore uniforms and were drilled in military fashion. Even the girls learned to drill, and their companies often

gave those of the boys a close race in neatness and precision of movements.

A band that was organized the first year helped to make this drill a pleasure. Some friend had given the school a set of band instruments, and the boys very quickly became a competent band. Long ago a very noted Indian, Joseph Brant, the chief of the Mohawks in Revolutionary times, had said: "I like the harpsichord well, and I like the organ still better; but I like the drum and trumpet best of all, for they make my heart beat quick."

The Indian boys all liked the sound of drum and trumpet, and it was a proud boy who gave the waking signal in the morning, or played "taps" softly at nine o'clock to say good-night to them all. Between these two bugle calls was a very busy day for every one in the school, a day full of duties of all sorts.

Another plan that made Carlisle School different from anything that had been done before in Indian schools was the "outing system." This plan, too, was adopted from that of Hampton Institute; and it carried out admirably General Pratt's idea that in order to teach the Indian the ways of the white man he should be put in the midst of white life.

This outing system meant that in the summer-

time, when regular lessons gave way to vacation, the children who were old enough, and who had made sufficient progress during the year, were sent out to the homes and farms of friendly people who were willing to give them the proper oversight. Here they worked and received wages; the girls in the household duties, the boys at the farm work or perhaps in occupations of the town. They were thus always with people who helped them to perfect their use of English and to learn efficient methods of work. Sometimes the "outing" would be extended into the school year, and then the Indian boy or girl would go with the children of the farmer to the public school, and help about the place outside of school hours. In this way they became a real part of the white people's life, as they could never have learned to do in the far-off camps.

Carlisle School became a famous institution. In time it had a thousand or more pupils, and extended the grades which it taught up to the tenth. In the east it was especially well-known for the prowess of its athletic teams. The Carlisle football eleven played many games with the leading universities, and were very often successful, because of the heavy build and stout muscles of the boys. Many a stirring battle on the gridiron have the

Indians fought with the boys of Yale and Harvard and Princeton, in days only a few years gone.

Because in athletics these pupils could compete with the University teams, many people thought of Carlisle as if it were a college or university. But this was never the case; it did not at any time give even a complete high school course. Its boys and girls were perhaps often of college age; but many of the pupils had never learned to talk English until they were twelve or fourteen. So, though big and stout and muscular, these boys might be beginners in the early grades while they were playing football with college sophomores and juniors.

The success of the school in Pennsylvania led to the establishment by Congress of other non-reservation schools in various parts of the country. The next one that followed was in Oregon. Then there were schools in Kansas, in Oklahoma, in California, in Arizona, in the Dakotas. While they were not actually on any Indian reservation, they were all very much nearer to Indian country than Carlisle was, and so they were never quite so striking an example of the principle which General Pratt believed to be essential to training Indian boys and girls.

Today the largest of these schools, and one of

the few that carry the pupils through a complete high school course, is Haskell Institute, at Lawrence, Kansas. Many of its pupils come from very long distances to this school in the middle west. More stress is laid here upon clerical work than



SHERMAN INSTITUTE, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

One of the large Government non-reservation Indian boarding schools.

upon the other industrial features, and all over the Indian country, in the offices of the Government, you will find Indian men and women who have been trained here to keep accounts, or to write shorthand, or to use the typewriter.

In northern Oklahoma is Chilocco School, sur-

rounded by a wonderful stretch of farm land, where the pupils, largely from the different Oklahoma tribes, learn farming and dairying and poultry-raising, as well as many other useful things. The more than forty years during which the big stone homes of this school have housed Indian boys and girls have seen a great many changes, more perhaps here than in any other section of the country. The school was standing here in the days when the western part of the Indian Territory was opened up for white settlement, and a mad rush of homestead-seekers dashed across a line at a moment's notice, eager to secure for themselves the best choice of lands. But they did not realize at that time that oil wells were later to bring about even more frantic rushes to the section. Where once there were sandy fields of cotton and stunted scrub oak on the hills, there are now growing cities and long rows of oil cars on the tracks waiting to be filled from the teeming wells. Today in Oklahoma, many thousands of Indian children attend school with the white boys and girls; but for those who are dependent, or disabled in any way, or too far from public schools, there are Government boarding schools scattered all over the state. It is well for Chilocco School to make a specialty of farm work,

for there is much good farming land owned by Indians throughout the length and breadth of the state.

Farther west and south, in a still warmer land, is Phoenix Indian School, three miles away from the capital city of Arizona. This is a land of long hot summers, too hot for green garden vegetables, which succeed better here if they are planted in the fall and gathered in the spring. But the long season, in this Salt River Valley, which has been made rich by the waters stored up in the Roosevelt Dam, is good for harvesting many cuttings of alfalfa, or for growing the long-stapled cotton from Egypt, which does not thrive in other parts of the United States. It is a land of grapefruit and olives, of pomegranates and figs. You walk up to the administration building of Phoenix School along an avenue of palm trees; and the children who have lived always in this land have never seen the feathery flakes of snow.

This southern Arizona country is the home of the Pima and the Papago tribes, and these furnish a great portion of the pupils at Phoenix School. But there are many others too, Navajo and Hopi children from the northern part of the state, Apaches and Pueblos from New Mexico, Indians from

the different Oklahoma tribes, still farther away. This is a fruitful and a beautiful land—beautiful by nature and fruitful because of the irrigation that man's planning has brought to it. It is a busy country now, with the work in the cotton fields that is bringing Indians from many parts of the big state to do the work of cultivation and harvesting. In the seasons when workers are needed most, great trucks go out to all the Indian reservations over Arizona and bring in to this fertile valley all those who wish to have employment there.

Riverside, California, is in the midst of the fruit country. Orange groves are all around Sherman Institute, one of the most beautiful of the schools where Indian boys and girls may learn. There are not only California boys and girls at this school, but pupils from states much farther off—Utes from Utah or from southwestern Colorado, Pueblos from New Mexico, and many more.

These are only a few of the many schools that are maintained by the Government to educate Indian boys and girls. Besides the large non-reservation schools, there are the smaller boarding schools on the reservations, dozens of them all over the country. And in many places where the Indians are settled in villages, but there are not yet white towns



A SCHOOL IN THE DESERT

This school for Hopi children stands at the foot of the second mesa, Arizona.

and public schools near-by, there are day schools maintained by the Government, such as those at the Hopi and Zuñi villages. So, in one way or another, the white man is trying to bring to the redman some of the things that he thinks will make life happier and easier.

But all these other schools are different from Carlisle in the one thing General Pratt thought most important of all. They do not surround the Indian child completely with the ways of the white, and so their effect is perhaps slower for that reason. Other thoughts and other purposes have come to the people in charge of these schools; and the original plans have perhaps changed in many ways as time has gone on.

But Carlisle is no longer a school for Indians. It had never been owned by the Indian Service, but was loaned to it by the War Department. In 1917, when our country entered into the European War, the place that had been borrowed so long was returned to the owner. The buildings at Carlisle are now in use for a hospital for veterans. Instead of the boys who heard the bugle and drum as a call to the classroom, it is now a place for men who heard that same sound as a call to battle.

So far as the relations between the two races are

concerned, the peaceful use of the old army barracks for so many years as a school is a good example of what is true today of our Indian neighbors all over the land. The white man and the red are no longer fighting, but are learning to understand one another. The school began with prisoners of war, captured in fierce fighting on the western plains. When it was closed, in 1917, there was no war in this country, but one in far-off Europe, to which the Indian went along with the white to help defend this land of ours, which belongs to both the red and the white.

GLOSSARY

Acoma , Ä'kô-má	Colville , Kôl'vîl
Adelantado , Ä-de-län-tä'dô; a governor of a province; a commander	Comanche , Kô-măn'chê
Adios , Ä'dyôs; good-bye	Creek , Krêk
Albuquerque , Äl-bû-kûr'kê	Croatan , Krô-tăn'
Apache , Ä-päch'ê	Crow , Krô
Arapaho , Ä-räp'ä-hô	Dakota , Dä-kô'tä
Arickaree , Ä-rîk'ä-rê	Dauphin , Dô'fîn; the eldest son of the king of France, and heir of the crown. Since the revolution of 1830, the title has been discontinued
Arquebus , Är'kwê-bûs; a sort of hand gun; an old species of firearm, resembling a musket, and supported upon a forked rest when in use	Diego de Vargas , Dyä'gô dâ Vär'gäs
Bacabi , Bâ-kä'bî	Diné , Dê-nä'
Benteen , Bën-tên'	El Morro , Ėl môr'ô
Bosque Redondo , Bôs'kâ Rê-don'dô	El Paso , Ėl Päs'ô
Cacique , Kâ-sê'kê; chief of a village	Es-sa-da-ua , Ės-sä'dû-wô
Caddo , Käd'ô	Estevan , Ės-tä-văn'
Canyon de Chelly , Kăn'yûn dâ Shâ	Estevan de Perea , Ės-tä-văn' dâ Pê-rä'ä
Carlisle , Kär-lîl'	Gist , Gîst
Caughnawaga , Kâ-nä-wä'gâ	Hawikuh , Hâ-wê-kû'
Cayuga , Kâ-yôô'gâ	Hopi , Hô'pê
Cayuse , Kâ-yôôs'	Hotevilla , Hô'tê-vîl'ä
Cherokee , Chêr-ô-kê'	Huron , Hû'rôn
Cheyenne , Shî-ên'	Illini , Ĩl-lî-nî'
Chickasaw , Chîk'ä-sô	Indios de Pueblos , Ĩn'dê-ôs' dâ Pwêb'lôs; Indians of the villages
Chilocco , Shî-lôk'ô	Indios Salvajes , Ĩn'dê-ôs Säl-vä'-häs; Savage Indians
Chippewa , Chîp'ê-wä	Iowa , Ĩ'ô-wä
Choctaw , Chôk'tô	
Chopunnish , Chô-pûn'îsh	
Cibola , Thê'bô-lä	

Iroquois, Īr'ò-kwoi
Isleta, Ēs-lā'tā

Jicarilla Apache, Hī-kǎ-rē'yá
Á-pǎch'ē
Juan de Oñate, Hwān dā Ōn-yā'tā`

Kachina, Kǎ-chē'ná
Kickapoo, Kĭk'á-pū
Kiowa, Kĭ'ò-wā
Kiva, Kē'vá

Laguna, Lā-gōō'nā
Lipan, Lī'pān

Marcos, Fray, Mār'kōs, Frī
Martinez, Feliz, Mār-tē'nāth,
Fā'lēth

Mdewakanton, M'de-wā-kān'tōn
Menominee, Mē-nōm'ī-nē
Mesa Verde, Mā'sá Vēr'dē
Miami, Mī-ām'ī
Mishongnovi, Mĭsh-ōŋ'nō-vē
Moencopi, Mō'ēn-kō-pē
Mohawk, Mō'hōk
Munsee, Mūn'sē

Nadowe, Nǎ'dō-wě
Nadowe-is-iw, Nǎ'dō-wĭs'sōō
Navajo, Nǎv'á-hō
Navaju, Nǎv'á-hōō
New Echota, Nū Ēchō'tá
Nez Percé, Nēz Pēr'sē
Niagara, Nī-ǎg'á-rá
Nueto, Francisco Manuel de Sil-
va, Nwā'tō, Frān-sĭs'kō Mān-
wēl' dā Sĭl'vá

Ohiyesa, Ō-hī-yā'sā
Ojo Caliente, Ō'hō Cā-lĭ-ēn'tě
Oneida, Ō-nī'dā

Onondaga, Ōn-ōn-dō'gá
Oraibi, Ō-rī'bĭ
Osage, Ō-sāj'
Oswego, Ōs-wē'gō
Oto, Ō'tō
Ottawa, Ōt'á-wá

Paiute, Pī-yōōt'
Papago, Pǎ'pā-gō
Paso por aquí, pāsō' pōr ākē';
passed by here
Pawnee, Pō-nē'
Pecos, Pā'kōs
Peoria, Pē-ō-rĭ-á
Phoenix, Fē'nĭks
Pima, Pē'má
Plaza, plā'zā; place
Polacca, Pō-lǎ'ká
Ponca, Pōŋ'ká
Popé, Pō-pā'
Potawatomi, Pōt'á-wōt-ō-mĭ
Powhatan, Pou-á-tān'
Pueblo, Pwēb'lō
Pueblo Grande de Nevada,
Pwēb'lō Grān'dā dā Nē-vā'dā

Quapaw, Kwō'pō

Ramirez, Juan, Rā-mē'rāth,
Hwān
Ramona, Rā-mō'ná
Reno, Rē'nō
Rio Grande, Rē'ō Grān'dā
Rio Pescado, Rē'ō Pēs-kā'dō

Santee, Sǎn-tē'
Santa Fé, Sǎn'tá Fā
Santo Domingo, Sǎn'tō Dō-mĭŋ'-
gō
Sauk, Sōk (variant of Sac)
Seminole, Sēm'ī-nōl

Seneca, Sĕn'ĕ-ká
 Sequoyah, Sĕ-kwoi'á
 Shalako, Shă'lă-kō
 Shawnee, Shô-nĕ'
 Shipaulovi, Shĭ-pô'lô-vĕ
 Shongopovi, Shōŋǒ'-pô-vĕ
 Shoshoni, Shô-shô'nĕ
 Sichomovi, Sĭ-shô'mô-vĕ
 Sioux, Sōō

Tamale, Tă-mă'lĕ
 Taos, Tă'ôs
 Tehoragwanegan, Tă-hô-răg-
 wăn'ĕ-găn
 Tepee, Tĕ'pĕ
 Tewa, Tă'wă
 Thayendanegea, Thă-ĕn-dă-nĕ'-
 gă-ă
 Tomahawk, Tôm'ă-hôk
 Toreva, Tō-ră'vă

Tusayan, Tōō-să-yăn'
 Tuscarora, Tûs-kă-rô'ră

Ute, Ūt

Villa Real de Santa Fé de San
 Francisco, Vel'yă Ră-ăl' dă
 Săn'tă Fă dă Săn Frăn-sĭs'kō

Wallowa, Wôl'ô-wă
 Wampum, Wôm'pŭm; beads
 used for exchange
 Wazhazhe, Wă-zhă'zhĕ
 Wea, Wĕ'ă
 Wichita, Wĭch'ĭ-tô
 Williams, Lazarre, Wĭl'yămz,
 Lă-zăr'
 Winnebago, Wĭn-ĕ-bă'gō
 Wyandotte, Wĭ'ăn-dôt
 Zuñi, Zōō'-nyĭ

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